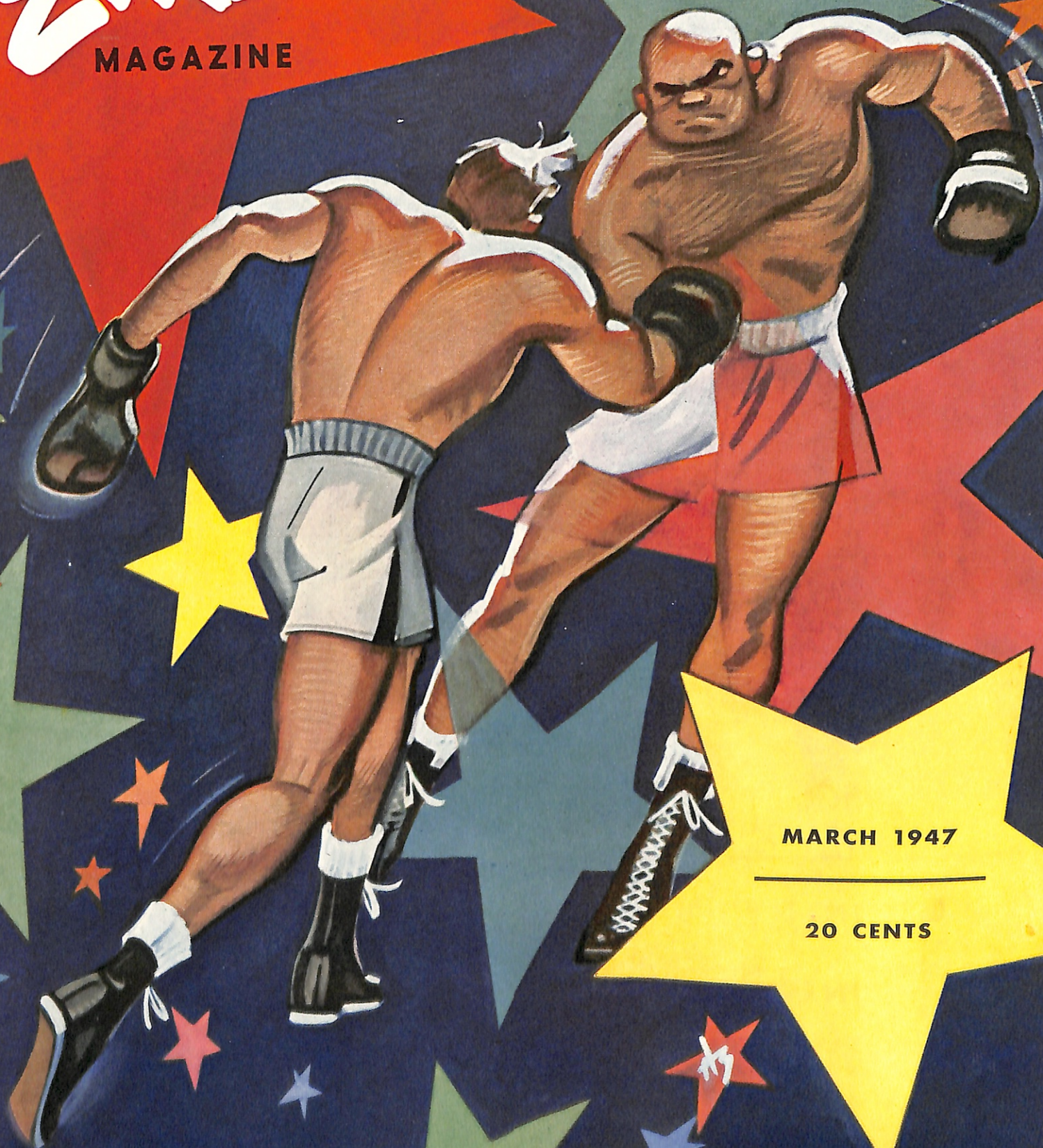


THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



MARCH 1947

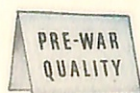
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ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

One of the biggest international headaches of pre-war years, rubber, now promises to emerge as one of the biggest postwar problems as well. Tired of temporary solutions, Washington officials who must grapple with the many-sided problem are wishing they could find one that would stick.

The pre-war problem was simple compared with that of today. The elements were few and familiar: plantations produced; we consumed. When production overran demand, price-fixing followed--and we hollered. Now we're on both sides of the fence. We remain the No. 1 consumer. But we have a war-born synthetic rubber industry of our own. Like the natural-rubber industry we could supply all the world's needs. So we're No. 1 producer as well.

★
Big question is, "What shall Uncle Sam-consumer say to Uncle Sam-Producer?" And what will be the effect on the economy of the rest of the world if we don't accept natural rubber in pre-war quantities?

To date, the matter of price has permitted temporizing with the problem. Prices on the still-scarce natural rubber permit our higher-priced synthetic to compete. And Uncle Sam still holds the reins as monopoly buyer of imported crudes. Synthetic-rubber interests want the bars put up and kept up. The synthetic plans are described as essential to our defense in future wars. But the skeptical who are wondering what Navy our Navy plans to fight are also wondering who is planning to run a supersonic war on wheels.

But when natural-rubber prices become more competitive the real issue will have to be faced. How will we keep the synthetic plants running if nobody wants the product? And, who will pay the bill?

★
Automobile manufacturers told WPB officials during the war that the heavier, more sluggish synthetic had wiped out the engine improvements of the last ten years. That's why horsepower were upped in the postwar versions of the pre-war models. Once natural is available again--at a

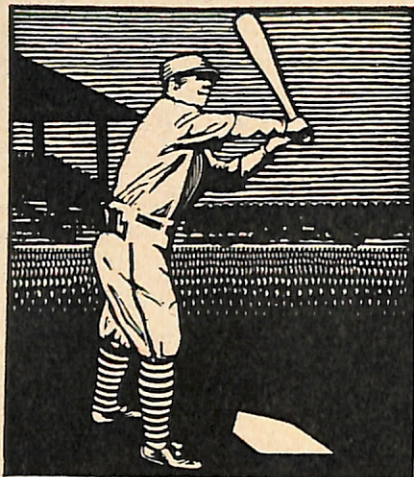
price--they'll want to go back. What Uncle Sam-Producer will say to that is something Congress may have to decide very soon.

★
Most large retailers peak their stocks six weeks before the end of the two big buying seasons--Christmas and Easter. This year Easter falls on April 6. By all the laws of merchandising, stocks should now be at their peak and Government economists are anxiously awaiting the result. Vividly in mind is the market break of last Christmas when wise merchandisers began holding "sales" before the holiday. Will present prices hold through Easter? If they do, the gloomy forecasters of the next depression may have to revise their estimates again. But Easter sales are largely soft goods and the soft goods were softest last Christmas.

★
Under the Reorganization Act, Congress completed two major assignments last month. The first was the economic report drafted by a joint committee of both Houses. The second was the fixing of the over-all ceiling for the budget--established jointly by the four committees dealing with taxation and appropriations. This month the investigators will be getting under way in earnest. Formed by the Reorganization Act, Executive Expenditures seem slated for the top committee role. Its functions include those of the old Smith committee and a number of other special investigating groups. All indications are that thorough investigation of surplus property disposal will be only one of its many projects.

★
The eyes of more than one Government agency are fixed on Rome this month. There the Executive Committee of the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations is meeting to prepare plans for the full FAO conference this summer. Its decisions may affect every American food producer and processor, for at the top of the agenda is a proposal for a World Food

(Continued on page 37)



JOHN McGRAW

**made a big hit
and no errors!**

"Muggsy liked to battle umpires and make his friends a drink," my father used to say. "Back in the 90's when he was holding down third base for the Baltimore Orioles, McGraw came upon Abbott's Aged Bitters. That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship—McGraw and Abbott's."

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C. W. Abbott



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MARCH, CONTENTS

THE

Elks

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by Howard Butler

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 25, No. 10, March, 1947. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1947, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

A BOXING cover adorns this issue, and although it may startle you into thinking you're seeing stars, you may rest assured. You are. The artist, Mr. Butler, draws that mean-looking little boy who gets on our covers.

In it you will find that young Mr. Bixby, who concerns himself monthly with telling you about new-fangled contraptions and contrivances for housewives and husbands to tinker with, has delved into the possibilities of a gadget which may mean a whole new future for you and your town. In "Is Your Airstrip Showing?" on page 4, you and the guy next door, especially if he's a member of the Chamber of Commerce, will find something really big and important to talk about. According to Mr. B., there is practically no reason at all why almost any city in the country can't get itself an airport all its own. And the money-making potentialities of such an innovation have us drooling.

"What Am I Bid?" Ted Peckham wants to know on page 10. As far as that writer is concerned, every good American, male and female, has sneaked out to an auction. His little bits of wisdom, collected here, will prevent you from being taken, and may even put you in the way of a good thing, if you know the right auction angles and can dream up a secret signal to have an old oil stove or worn-out igloo knocked down to you and you alone.

Just to get your mind off yourself, we've included a piece on the biggest little horse in history. The power of the Morgan stallion which began the most famous and prolific line of American horses is something to write about—or so Mr. Fairfax Downey thought. We agreed with him, and when you finish reading about this four-legged colossus, get someone to help you put your eyes back where they belong.

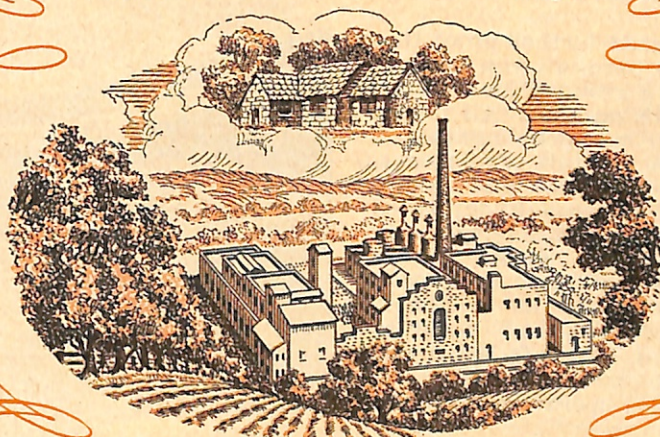
The next thing you'll see, if you follow the pages in the usual manner, is a fiction piece. It's called "Airborne Baby" and it's all about how helpful plane attendants are, especially the pilots, in an emergency which, we are relieved to say, is very rare. The whole thing revolves around the birth of a baby and it's really out of this world—the baby, that is.

We have our usual features this month, too, you'll be happy to learn. The fraternal section is resting comfortably in its new berth and covers just as many interesting Elk activities as is possible at one time. The Elk Newsletter is also among those present, along with the Doghouse, Rod and Gun, Movies, play and book reviews, "It's a Man's World" and our aforementioned Mr. B.'s "Gimmick and Gadget Department".

R. M. F.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

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hundred years*

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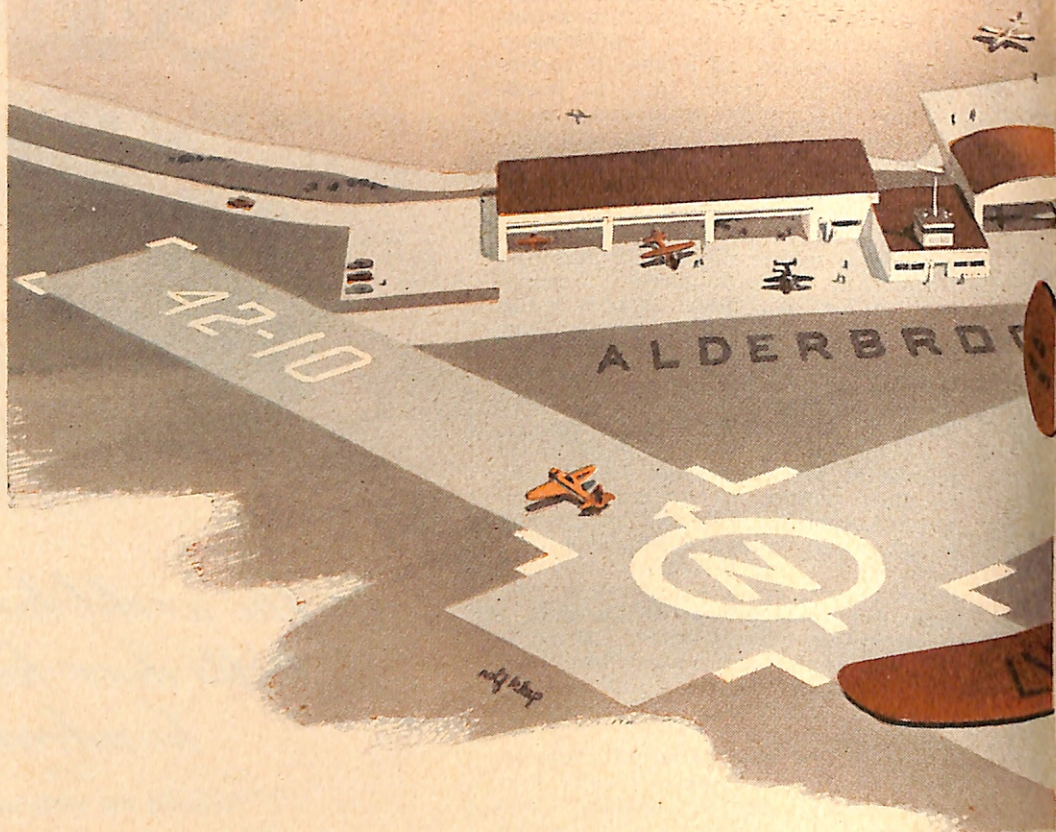
LET'S get off to a flying start and say, "The air age is upon us." For years people have been saying, "You just wait until we enter the air age," and the darned thing has sneaked up with no one realizing it. It's here. We have transoceanic service, regular passenger and cargo routes, and an increasing number of private planes tooting about. Now is that, or isn't, it the air age? It looks like it to me, so let's admit it and go on from there.

But if you need further proof that the air age is here, all you have to do is get with a group of air enthusiasts and just listen a bit. All shapes and sizes of air-mad people gather in different places and talk of airplanes, routes, weather, prices and expansion. They also discuss, in depressed moods, the state of most airports in America. Discussion of airfields is one of the few things that manage to bring frowns to the otherwise happy faces of fliers and operators alike. The CAA, Aircraft Industries Associated, plane manufacturers, fliers and airfield operators all shake their heads and worry about the few and inadequate airfields in existence today.

When the facts of the case are brought out of hiding it is rather depressing to see them. CAA gloomily reports that only 14% of the airports are "adequate". I daresay their definition of adequate is, "It'll do until something better comes along." Now, that is a sorry state of things and although everyone agrees something should be done about it, nobody seems to know exactly what to do. CAA's \$500,000,000 for airport development has yet to be spent, and even that amount will not solve the problem. The real remedy, simply enough, lies in each community's building its own airfield.

Now that sounds like passing the buck from the air people to you people who have no burning desire to get into the wild blue yonder. Actually it isn't, though, because when your community needs a new sewer, you build it and don't feel the sewer-loving people should have done the job for you. Or, looking at it another way, when railroads were being developed and a town thought it would profit by having a railroad through its fair environs, they went ahead and tried to get the road to come through the town. It didn't mean the city councilmen all wanted to become railroad engineers. Take a long look at the towns that did get the railroad through their city. Isn't it true that they have grown and added new businesses to their community? Now glance in the other direction and gaze on the towns that have no railroads at all. How smart was it for them to remain asleep and not get a railroad to come to them?

**Airports come in all shapes
and sizes, so there is bound to be
one to fit your town.**

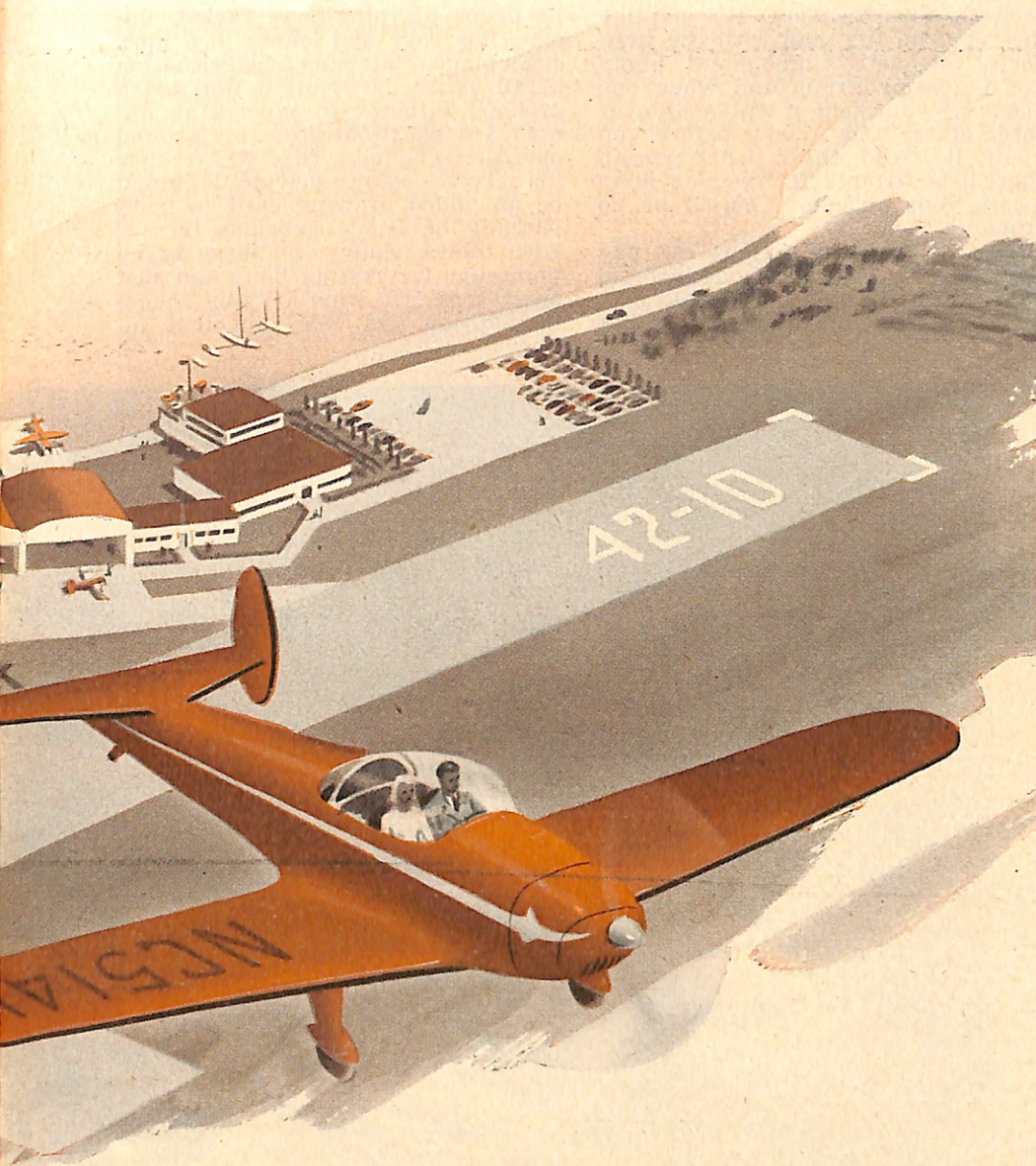


It is true that not every town was situated in the geographical spot to be on a railroad. And then, of course, there were a lot of deals made that left some towns out of the whole thing. The individual community might have been able to build a station but who was going to lay the track? Ah, there was the catch, sure enough. For railroads you had to have favorable location and someone to build the track to your particular garden spot. But what about airports? Friends and neighbors, you have the track laid to your front door right now. All you have to do is "build the station"—which means an airport.

Before you run outdoors with a shovel and start this airport, it might be wise to note that all communities aren't in a spot where airport building would be either possible or wise. But by and large, most towns can have a field, of some description, built to take care of the community's needs.

Your city's needs may vary from a three-billion-dollar job to a four-hundred-dollar field. They come in all

shapes and sizes, so there is bound to be one to fit your town. On the large budget end of things is the granddaddy of all airports—the three-billion-dollar airfield. This field was proposed by Mr. William Zeckendorf for New York City. Mr. Zeckendorf is not in business for his health and he believes the project is worth doing. He is with the real estate firm of Webb and Knapp and he not only claims it can be done but that eventually it must be done. It will be the hub of all New York's transportation system. The landing deck is to be 200 feet above Manhattan's teeming West Side. It will extend from 9th Avenue to the Hudson River and from 24th Street to 71st Street, cover 144 square blocks and be 990 acres of flat top. Buck Rogers never dreamed up a project like this one. Between the deck and the street will be all services for the giant airliners, plus regular business offices and restaurants. The streets will tunnel underneath the airport and ocean liners will dock on the river side, naturally. You would be able to alight from your boat or bus and be whisked to



Is Your Air-Strip Showing?

BY W. C. BIXBY

Illustrated by ROLF KLEP

this fantastic place, board your plane and be away for any point in the United States. What a deal!

Mr. Zeckendorf estimates the land will cost half a billion dollars (peanuts), and the construction plus financing will soak up the remaining two and a half billion (not peanuts). According to him, the entire project will pay for itself in 55 years which isn't a dismal outlook for a development of this size.

On the smaller end of the ledger is the \$400 airfield built by the bouncing town of Redmond, Oregon. Redmond is an air-minded place that had a field before it was taken over by the Civilian Pilot Training Program. They chafed under the knowledge that their town no longer had a field of its very own and, one fine day, decided to do something about it. They aroused several businessmen who had grading equipment, selected a site near town and one Sunday they all turned out and built the thing. The men worked, the women served coffee and sandwiches, and the town dog watched. By sunset they had finished the project and the total cost was \$400. True, they will have to make further improvements on the field but you don't have to worry about that town. They'll make the improvements soon and do it without spending a lot of money, too.

Somewhere between the two extremes just outlined is an airport of a size you could use. If you decide to build one you'll be amazed at the number of organizations that will thrust help into your hands. Some of the organizations are government agencies; others, private businesses. There're the CAA, Aircraft Industries Associated, and oil companies and plane manufacturers as well. And if you so much as hint that you might be building an airport they'll probably be lined up outside your door Monday morning with T-squares and bulldozers under their arms. You don't have to be afraid of them because they'll give you good, sound advice about how to plan and build a paying airport.

Given the opportunity, CAA will roll out some amazing statistics, as will plane manufacturers. The country needs at least 3,000 airports to handle estimated expansion of flying, says CAA. They also say that in ten years' time they expect there will be 300,000 light planes swarming about the country. One breathless plane dealer threw up his hands and said, "They're buying planes like they used to buy bicycles." One light-plane company has 3,000 orders it hopes to fill this year, while another punch-drunk company has 13,000 orders which it can't possibly fill until well into next year. And incidentally, those orders aren't given by people who just murmur vaguely, "I want to own a plane some day." The orders are backed up with good, hard, cash deposits.

If mass-production methods can reduce the price of light planes, the estimate of 300,000 planes may well be too low. Then it follows easily

enough that the estimate of the number of airfields will be too low. Just where it will stop is anyone's guess but the gentlemen who get in on the ground floor will be the happy ones. The follies of too-rapid expansion will catch some towns, of course. There is certainly no point in a small town's building seven-thousand-foot concrete runways for a starter. Better to start in a small way and then expand when the paying traffic arrives. There is nothing that will kill an airport's development quicker than being too large for its britches.

Some curious soul is bound to ask the question about what sort of traffic can be expected and how will it pay for an expensive thing like an airport. It's a good question. I'll attempt to be logical for a moment and give a rough idea of the situation. There are three general classes of traffic: Passenger, cargo and private.

Now, just because your town is small, don't hang your head and say you'll never get commercial passenger stops at your front door. You may and then again you may not. After all, Little Rock, Arkansas, has about fifty thousand people and it's one of the main American Airline stops. And just because none of the big boys comes to your town doesn't mean there will be no passenger stops there. There is a new type of passenger traffic springing up called feeder lines which, oddly enough, is designed to "feed" traffic to the mainliners of the country. Your town might easily become a stop for some feeder line. Also, under passenger traffic there is the small but growing charter service run by independent operators that might come your way. So don't worry about the one-hundred-ton monsters dropping on you. You can make an airport pay without them.

Under the heading of cargo traffic, there are several nice developments. Some of the cargo lines will operate as the tramp steamers of the skies. One example is the "Flying Tiger Line", run by former AVG pilots, which will go anywhere, any time, if there is business calling to them. At the risk of rousing your anger I would like to point out that they absolutely refuse to land where there is no airport. They're flying large twin-engined cargo ships called *Conestogas* which require rather elaborate installations for landing and servicing. So perhaps for a time you won't even get them.

Now after all this discouraging talk comes the real pay-off, as far as the small town is concerned, for having a profitable airport. The largest category of traffic will be in the private flying class and there'll be thousands of them tooting about looking for good up-to-date airports. Here is the answer to your "How do we make it pay?" question.

Build a good, small airport with rolled turf runways and service facilities and before you can get your graders off the runway the little planes will be upon you. One good thing about a nice airfield is that it

needs no advertisement. It's just like the "spot up the road with the wonderful steaks". Light-plane pilots are a gossipy group and when one discovers your field, it will be all over three states and Alaska before you know it. And think what gossip there'll be after a few women fliers locate your airfield. There'll be no stopping them.

Just to prove an airport can pay for itself, I'll tell you of one intrepid soul who is making his airfield pay. A Mr. Ettiene Noir decided there was

he drops his ping-pong racket, finishes his coke and leaves in a nice, clean plane. That's not a bad situation at all, is it? Mr. Noir is not just a dreamer either. He expects an annual \$46,000 profit from his ground operations alone. This will reduce his service costs to private fliers and be an added drawing card to boot. Already he has a spacious terrace with tables, chairs and large beach umbrellas for resting fliers and just spectators. He runs a flying school in addition and has competent in-



something to this talk of an air age and took the plunge to the tune of \$117,000 to date, and built what he calls his Sky Ranch. He looked all over California and chose the spot most likely to succeed. It is 22 miles from downtown Los Angeles and only a steep glide from an air route. He developed the 160-acre tract, mixes flying, hamburgers and ping-pong with wonderful results. Get this for service—a private flier who lands is directed to a parking space by a natty attendant and, while the pilot relaxes in the lounge, downing a coke, or playing ping pong, the attendant checks his plane free of charge. When the flier is ready to go

structors. There is a comfortable dormitory for the class of fledglings to bunk in and he plans to erect an additional building in the form of a motel for overnight guests. When he is through fixing his airfield he will have spent \$411,000—which isn't exactly alfalfa.

This business of Mr. Noir's is sound and is a paying proposition. It is a good example of a realistic attitude applied to glamorized flying. The owner has made the best possible use of all types of service to both fliers and spectators alike.

So you see, it can be done if you've a mind to do it properly. But there are hundreds of factors that must be

taken into consideration before you start waving airplanes into your field. The most important preliminary step is the selection of the airfield site. That can make or break the entire project for a community. Just because you can get one plot of ground cheaper than another is no excuse to snap it up quickly. Suppose the cheaper land has sink holes and things like that in it?

If you're near a large body of water you won't be interested in the floating seadrome thing which was

mean all you must do is expand it or modernize it. Suppose there are three or four smokestacks or grain elevators just beyond the extended main runway. That unhealthy situation would be intolerable. Personally, there is nothing that upsets me more than to break out of a low overcast on the final approach to a field and have to decide rather swiftly whether I want to go over or under a disagreeable mess of power lines. So if you plan to expand your existing field, be certain the harried

sites and he will offer you some good, sound advice.

Another question that should be considered is whether the airport will pay for itself or is help expected from the community funds. After all, the community funds support the parks, zoos and other public benefits, so why couldn't it help support a good airpark?

If you decide to build some type airfield it can be started on a very modest scale. Most services helping you will caution you not to look for any trade but the private flier—at first, anyway. A couple of well-placed turf runways about twenty-three hundred feet long are quite adequate. But by all means, place the runways with an eye to future expansion. And when the building or buildings are put up, make certain they won't be putting a crimp on your future either. If you fail to take all the factors into consideration, one fine day you'll find progress coming to a screaming halt.

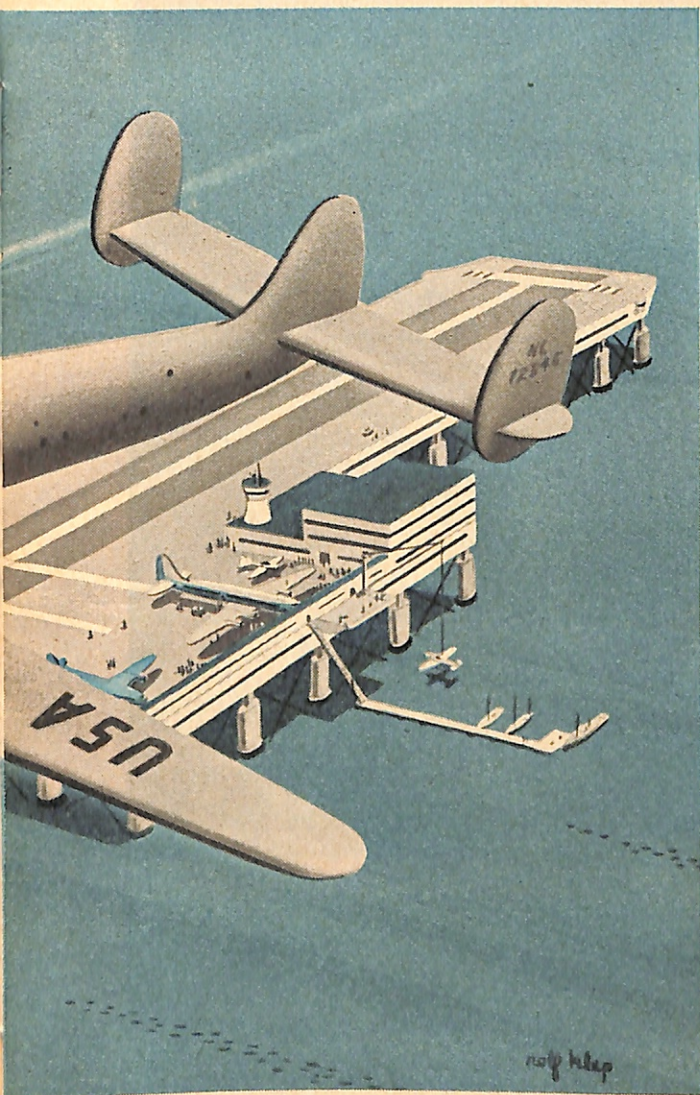
Once you've got the airfield going it will probably surprise you to find more and more people coming out just to watch the flying. I don't know what it is, but there is something about airplanes taking off and landing that seems to fascinate people. They'll sit for hours just looking at the planes. And while they're looking, they can darned well be eating sandwiches or drinking cokes. In fact, if you landscape the areas between runways you could really turn the airport into an airpark. You could build a modest clubhouse with a few rooms for overnight stoppers and lo, while the little cloud-hoppers are humming about on a Sunday afternoon, your community has a recreation center, park and airport all in one.

This isn't a pipe dream, honest it isn't. There's a town that has built such a thing and is making it work. Eldon, Missouri, is its name and it has a population of only 2,600. This is one time Missourians didn't wait to be shown. They went right ahead building and their airpark is open. It will probably show the rest of the country what it's missing. Eldon may be the size of a one-horse town but there the resemblance ends.

Several years ago the question of building an airpark was put to the good people of Eldon and with terse rejoinders of "Why not?" they agreed to do it. The war slowed down the construction of the project a bit, but it's complete now. They even got imaginative about the whole thing and built a nine-hole golf course on the area so it is really a community service.

The businessmen of the town decided rightly enough that good management and service should be put ahead of monetary returns since it was community property. I've got a hunch the whole thing will be self-supporting within a few years anyway. The town voted a \$25,000 bond issue and all contracts were between the various companies and the town

(Continued on page 40)



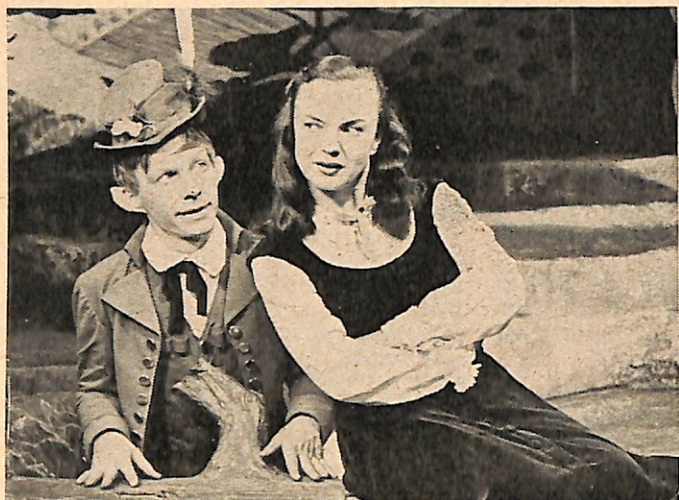
This is the artist's conception of the giant seadromes which have been proposed for transoceanic service.

actually proposed several years ago for transoceanic service. The huge monsters were to have hotel accommodations, all service facilities and travel under their own power. They were to be built, of course, for large planes and spaced across the Atlantic. Unless you are unfortunate enough to be living directly on an ocean, that idea would be highly impractical and anyway they were to cost \$10,000,000 apiece. But a modest float-plane base could be your town's answer to the airfield problem.

A good survey of available land is essential to a decent, growing airport. And even if you have a small field now in one spot, it doesn't

pilot landing on your place doesn't have to stall in over power lines and drop like an elevator with a broken cable to get on the runway. That sort of landing is what drives insurance rates up and drives pilots and planes deep, deep into the good earth.

If the projected site is flooded in the Spring or has outcroppings of rocks, it could hardly be recommended for development. One horrible fear is to hit rock and have to reach 'way up for the cost estimates to keep building. The regional CAA engineer will be aquiver to go over any plans with you and let you have the benefit of his experience. Show him your plans and alternate



Broadway's newest flimsy whimsy is "Finian's Rainbow". In it we can find Ella Logan and a leprechaun, David Wayne. Every once in a while Broadway gets all choked up with sentiment and this sort of thing happens. It's selling well, so presumably it has a place in that big American heart. Five bucks it gets to Hollywood and Barry Fitzgerald plays the leprechaun.

Elmer Rice's famous melodrama, "Street Scene", has been brought to Broadway in musical form. At right is Joe Mielziner's set, (with cast) much as it was in the original version. This time, it's a form of folk opera set to Kurt Weill's music, and will be compared with its sister-drama, "Porgy and Bess", also set to music. Possibly these two musical dramas mark the emergence of a genuine American opera. In any event "Street Scene" again makes theatrical history.



Well, here's "Abie's Irish Rose" back on the Gay White Way again. This time it's called, "Toplitzky of Notre Dame". J. Edward Bromberg and Gus Van, right, play the Jew and the Irishman, and what do you suppose, an angel comes down and wins the football game for Notre Dame. But no matter how you slice it, it's still "Abie's Irish Rose".

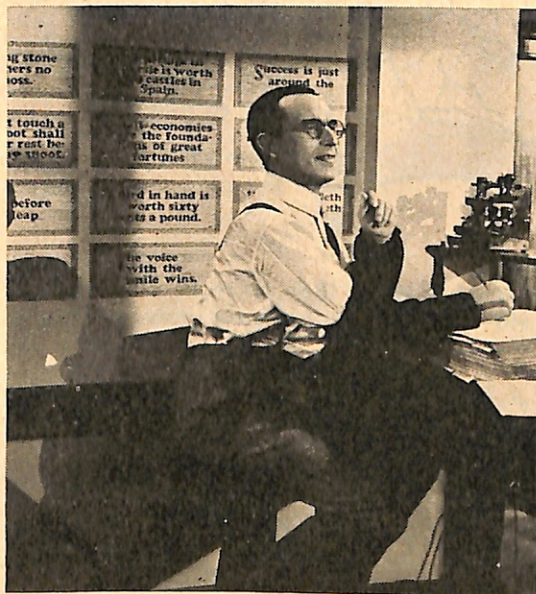


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Stage

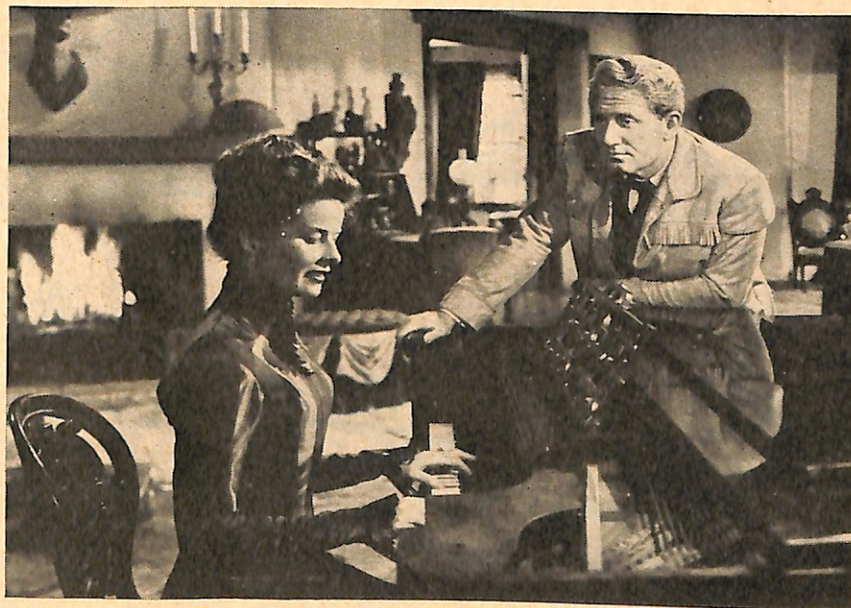
Right: Well, here we have Loretta Young with her hair dyed and she's madly in love with Joe Cotten and having an idyll in the fields. For some this would be an idyll situation! But Miss Young, not content to let well enough alone, must run for Congress, and any halfwit knows what trouble that can breed. It's all set forth in "The Farmer's Daughter", by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



Below: A certain school of thought regards the idea of Harold Lloyd's falling out of skyscraper windows as excruciatingly funny. While we do not belong to this school, we can recommend for those who do, California Pictures Corporation's "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" in which Harold Lloyd frequently falls out of skyscraper windows. This film is not for weak hearts.

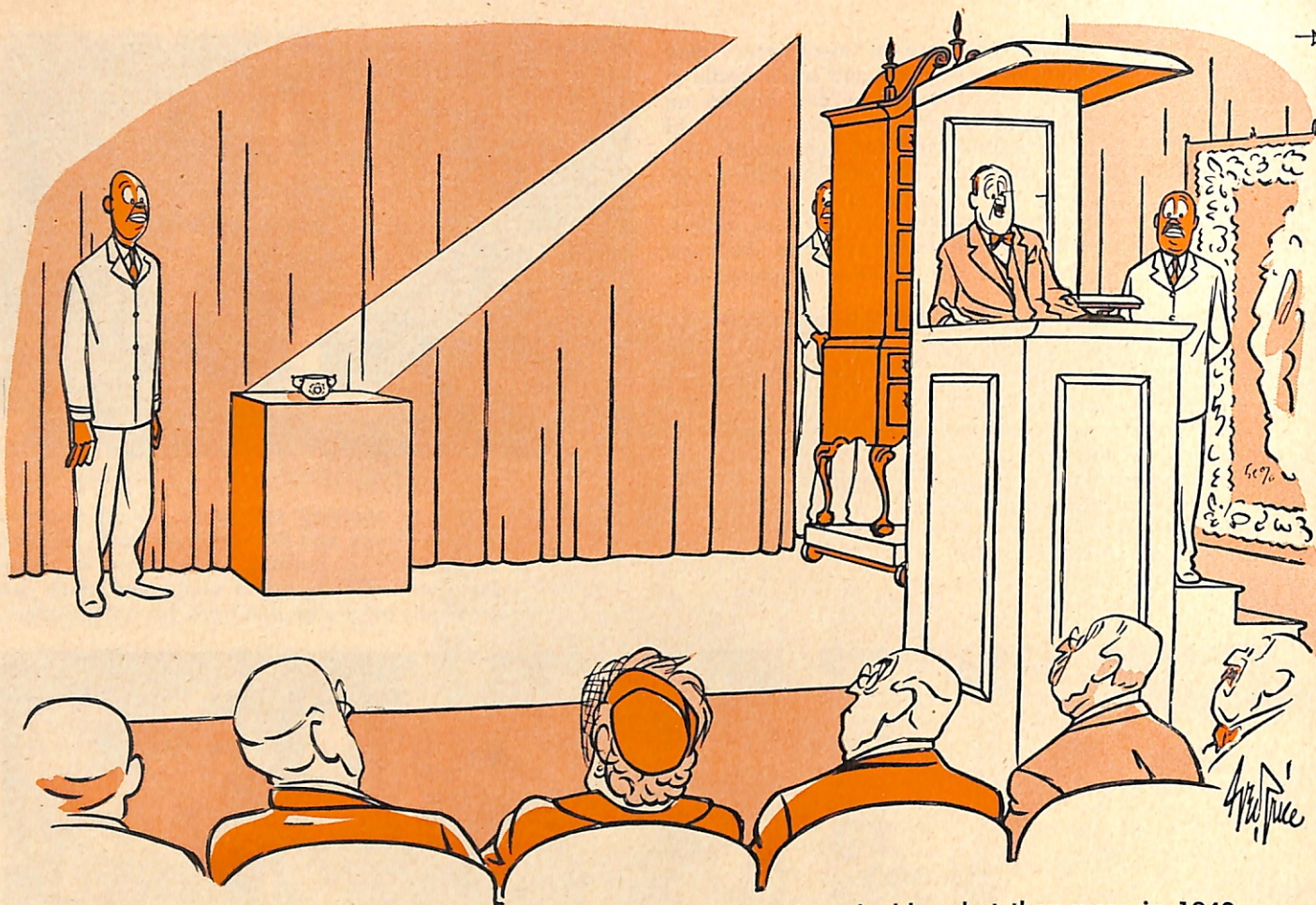


In a cast studded with stars, MGM presents Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Sea of Grass", a notable production in which Tracy and Miss Hepburn play roles which are strangely off the beaten track for both of them.



Now here is a picture right up this department's alley; it's called "My Brother Talks to Horses", and it concerns itself with a little boy who does just that. Left, Butch Jenkins, with his brother, Peter Lawford, displays another tendency—an affinity for stray mutts, as you can see. This film is fresh, imaginative and original and will probably make lots of people very happy and very wealthy.

and Screen



At prices double what they were in 1942, somebody's old junk becomes your new treasure.

What am I bid?

BY TED PECKHAM

You can bid for anything — from Rudolph Valentino's shoe trees to grandfather clocks, but watch yourself—it can be awkward at an auction.

THE auction rooms all over the country are enjoying a boom which has never been surpassed. At prices double what they were in 1942, somebody's old junk becomes your new treasure. More than ever before, auctions are the source of supply for everything from golden oak bed sets to sought-after art gems, signed French and English furniture, silver, porcelain and paintings by the Old Masters.

In New York, prices for paintings are lower than in London or Paris, where the currency is still unstable. Wealthy refugees are buying for resale in Europe. They are shipping boat-loads of furniture and art to where it came from originally.

Good antiques are now bringing two to three times what they did in the late Thirties. But dining room sets, mezzotints, etchings, tapestries, suits of armor and heavy Spanish and Italian or carved Jacobean and Tudor furniture sell badly. Useful but ordinary household furniture sells higher today because of the shortages caused by the war. In addition, the prewar couches and chairs contain down, the springs are better, and the cabinet work, as well as the wood, is of higher quality.

At a general auction, you can find anything from a bathtub to good used carpets and Oriental rugs; everything for a home and family life from kitchen utensils to Junior's

old ice-skates. If you need a fur coat, you can save the 20 per cent tax besides paying as little as one-quarter, or less, of the original price.

Many men buy at auctions, but don't tell their wives—and vice versa; a surprisingly large number of people constantly buy, and then store their prizes in warehouses, as William Randolph Hearst has done for years. Although from 50 to 75 per cent of the people in attendance at the sales are dyed-in-the-wool dealers, the rest are housewives and amateur collectors. Many people attend the exhibitions and sales and never buy; for these people, auction-going is an amusing time-killer.

The attendants in the auction

rooms will give you a rough idea of what the object of your desires will bring. If you leave a cash deposit, they will bid for you. Of course, if another customer goes higher than your top offer, you don't get it! On the other hand, by-mail bidders have been known to get their art, and a cash refund. From 15 to 20 per cent of the sales are by mail, although this way you miss the real sport, which is attending the auction.

From 75 to 100 items are sold an hour, depending on the speed or gift-of-gab of the auctioneer. Many auctioneers specialize in gay repartee and wise-cracks along with the sales. There is a great element of risk and chance in the auction room. The air of excitement sets one up. But don't get auction-happy and buy just for the sake of buying. The admission, of course, is free but one or two expensive but useless purchases can make it a very costly afternoon's entertainment.

Some people hate to lose and want to beat all competition. This can really sky-rocket the price of an object to many times its actual market value, especially when two determined women are bidding against each other.

Never buy at an auction unless you have been to the pre-sale exhibition and have carefully inspected the objects on display. What may seem like a bargain at the moment may prove only a headache. Grandfather clocks are fine—if you have a place for them—but the charms of an old clock vanish if you have to pay storage on it. Don't buy pianos, radios, cameras, expensive paintings, silver or porcelain unless you are an expert and know just what you're getting. The auctioneer doesn't force you to buy. Remember also the howling costs of the larger pieces.

Another way to play safe is to have an authority look over the items and evaluate them for you. If an object you desire is not in good condition, think twice before you bid. Do you have a "little man" who can make the necessary repairs? And, if so, is he reasonable?

Recently I bought a chair for five dollars. I hunted all over town to find the exact fabric I wanted. The price for the material was \$60 and the reupholstering job was \$50. So the \$5 chair eventually set me back \$115. True, it's a fine chair, but for \$40 at the same auction I could have bought a similar one in perfect condition. Such is the ending of many auction-room bargains.

Auctioneers in the large cities generally prefer to sell entire estates; smaller apartments do better privately unless they're top quality. Owners of small homes usually place an advertisement in the paper, or sell direct to dealers. Today, most auction houses find it inconvenient to handle small lots for immediate sale because they are booked solid with the big fellows three to six months in advance.

The principle on which most auc-

tion houses work is 20 per cent commission on all sales, plus an extra charge for cartage to the show rooms. The auctioneer is allowed by law to withdraw the article if he considers the opening bid too low. If you are selling your own items and they fail to bring the price you desire, you can leave a protective bid and pay only 20 per cent of your price. The odds and ends you didn't expect to bring anything often surprise you, while your favorite tea set may go for less than one-half of what you had hoped for. Small objects sell best, regardless of their original cost.

In Newport last summer, the auction of the contents of Old Court (formerly Rose Cliff) and the home of the late Ray Alan Clief on hoity-toity Bellevue Avenue, brought some of the most enormous prices for oversize ornate truck in twenty-five years. The Aubusson rugs and the brocade draperies were the only really fine things in the sale.

The Bailey's Beach set turned out in full force and mingled with dealers from as far west as Hollywood.

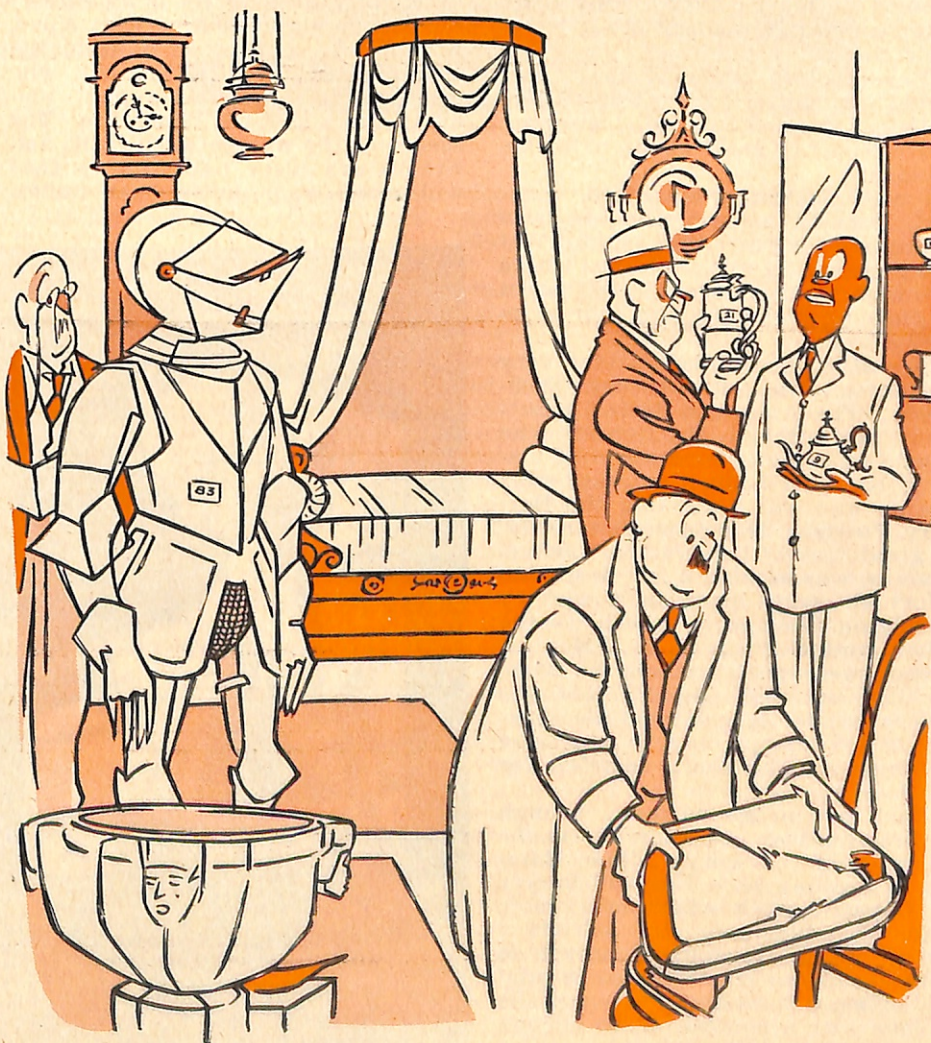
Mrs. James Donahue, Lord Comoy, Bradford Normen, Admiral Clagget and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt were there bidding for knickknacks and wedding presents just for the sport of it. People paid \$8 and \$9 for tin waste baskets and three Sevres vases went for \$2,400. Porch furniture, not quite new, went for more than it cost originally.

John R. Drexel, Jr., paid \$500 for a pair of ordinary modern walnut twin beds. Joe Leiter from Washington picked up a little dining table which seats forty. His main problem will be where to store the leaves. Even a bundle of rags was bought by a pseudo-society matron.

Until the last depression, it was not considered chic to sell at auction. Before that, most people would not permit the use of their names in connection with the sale. Big estates of famous names almost always are sold in New York. Many trustees from all over America arrange to have the more valuable parts of their estates sold in New York, always a good market.

(Continued on page 36)

Illustrated by GEORGE PRICE



Never buy at an auction unless you have been to the pre-sale exhibition and have inspected the objects on display.

What America is Reading

BY NINA BOURNE

Kenneth Roberts' "Lydia Bailey" will lead the best-seller lists for many months to come. It's rousing historical fiction of intrigue and adventure.

LYDIA BAILEY is the first Kenneth Roberts novel I have read. It is the first historical novel I have enjoyed since *Gone With the Wind*.

What is the average historical novel of today but an ersatz sausage, turned out by the pound, stuffed with minced history books. Two recent ones, both galloping best-sellers, seemed to me so boring that there was no point in wasting space to review them.

Nevertheless, knowing that there would be much talk about *Lydia Bailey*, I decided to read it anyway, like a Spartan child about to tackle spinach.

I was pleasantly surprised. Kenneth Roberts, as everyone has been telling me for years, is a magnificent story teller. It took me just three evenings to race through 488 pages of close-packed narrative, not skipping a word.

The story takes place at the very beginning of the 19th Century (1800-1805). The American State Department, according to Mr. Roberts who is said to be an exact student of history, had just broken a treaty with France and was appeasing the Barbary Pirates. The Federalist Party, in great fear of the "radical" Jeffersonians, was making a last desperate effort to keep itself in power by abridging freedom of speech via the Alien and Sedition Acts. Men, it seems, were pretty much the same as they are now, and America was neither perfectly governed nor lacking in courageous citizens who were willing to make every sacrifice for justice.

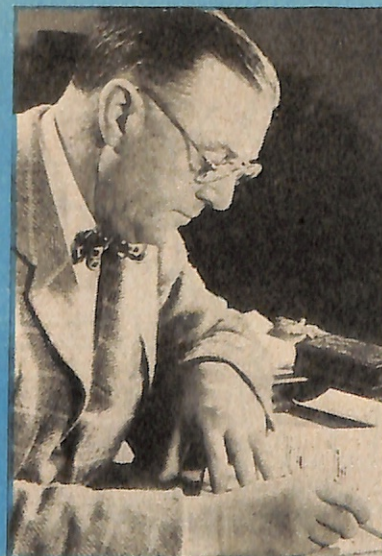
Such a courageous man (though at first he does not know it) is the narrator of the story. Albion Hamlin is a young New England lawyer of Loyalist stock whose every step leads to adventure. He defends a client whose freedom of speech is threatened and himself lands in prison; makes a spectacular escape; falls in love with a portrait of his client's niece, Lydia Bailey; barely avoids the clutches of an evil siren who would defraud Lydia of her inheritance. And at this point the story hasn't really begun! In search of

Lydia, Albion goes to Haiti, the Negro republic. There he takes part in its dramatic defense against the troops Napoleon sent to re-enslave it. He meets the great, almost saintly, Negro statesman, Toussiant L'Ouverture and the brutal, brilliant Negro general, Dessalines—and a host of Frenchmen and Haitians, excellently drawn. He is "adopted" by the gigantic ex-American slave, King Dick, a man of infinite resourcefulness, loyalty and wit, who reminds one of D'Artagnan, and many times saves Albion's life. The scenes of the war between Haiti and France are lusty battle-pieces that will make your pulse beat faster.

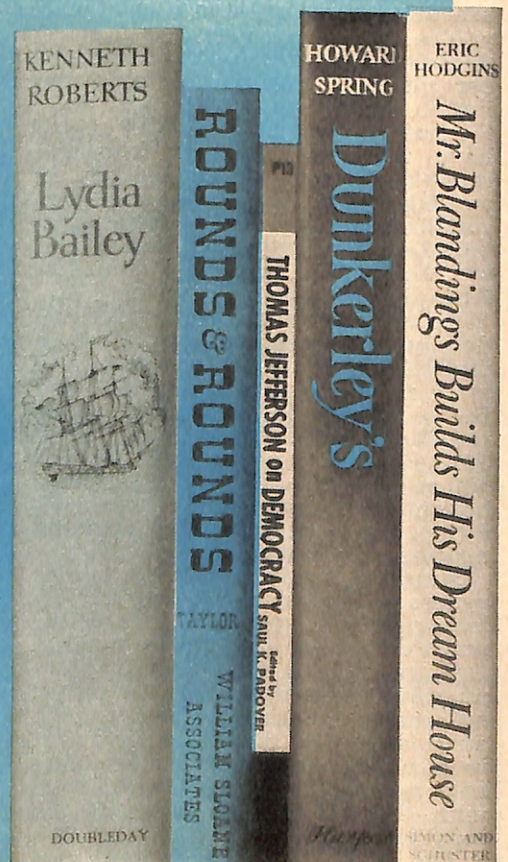
After the Haitian adventure, our hero is sold as a slave in Tripoli, becomes involved in a war between its rightful ruler and the wicked usurper, and falls afoul of the slippery American diplomat, Tobias Lear.

Kenneth Roberts, unlike his colleagues in the historical novel department, does not seem to think that sword play, conversation liberally sprinkled with "egads", and a mild girl-meets-boy story are sufficient excuse for taking \$3.00 from a reader. Although the love story here is thin and Miss Lydia Bailey herself is too much of a paragon for comfort, the other characters—

(Continued on page 38)



A photograph of Kenneth Roberts, author of "Lydia Bailey", a thunderous novel of the early Nineteenth Century, acts as a bookend here.



Red AND Gun

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

When you get together an army of hunters, you're likely to have some casualties



The above sketch by John Pike will be the November cover.

LAST Fall the greatest army of hunters in the history of the United States took up their trusty guns and went afield in search of rabbits, pheasants, quail, ducks, deer or whatever other game their tastes and opportunities dictated. A lot of them got shot. Newspapers and news magazines devoted considerable space to hunting accidents. Let's take a look at the situation, try to determine just how dangerous hunting is, and whether anything can be done to make it safer.

The National Safety Council keeps a record of all kinds of accidental deaths, and while it has not yet completed its tabulation of 1946 figures, data which are complete for previous years will give us a pretty good idea. Similarly, we don't know yet just how many hunters there were last Fall because the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which keeps a record of the number of hunting licenses sold each year in all states, doesn't release its figures until the end of the fiscal year on June 30. However, the Conservation Department of New York State reported in January that hunting accidents dropped 13 under the 1945 total, with less than half as many killed. The drop occurred despite the fact that 100,000 more hunters were afield in the State than in 1945.

We do know, however, that eight million licenses were sold in 1945

and, in view of various estimates of the increased number of hunters last Fall, it is logical to assume that somewhere between nine and twelve million hunters were afield. Some states already have reported a 25 per cent increase, but we probably wouldn't miss it far if we set the figure at ten million.

What accident reports have come in so far have varied so much that it is impossible to make a reasonable estimate of total fatalities. There probably were more than a year ago, but whether the percentage was larger in relation to the number of hunters who were out, won't be known until along toward the end of 1947.

In 1945 there were 2,500 firearms fatalities, according to the National Safety Council, and this figure includes all kinds of accidental shootings which resulted in death. In previous years, back to 1913, the annual gun toll ranged from a low of 2,318 in 1943 to a high of 3,026 in 1933. In 1941, the last pre-war year, there were 2,414 gun deaths.

Returning to the 1945 total of 2,500 gun deaths, 1,300 of them occurred at home. Many of these could not be charged to hunting, but, of course, a lot of them undoubtedly happened as hunters were getting ready to start out or after they had returned.

During the same year 28,600 persons died in motor vehicle ac-

cidents and there were 25,000,000 motor vehicles in the United States. These figures would make it appear that hunting is safer than taking your family for a drive on Sunday afternoon.

Also in 1945, 7,150 persons drowned and 27,800 died in falls. All firearms deaths that year amounted to 2.6 per cent of the accident death total. Motor vehicle deaths amounted to 30 per cent; falls 29 per cent, and burns ten per cent.

The Traveler's Insurance Company reported that in 1943 less than one per cent of its claims resulted from hunting accidents. It had more claims from baseball, football, golf, basketball, winter sports or swimming. There were more hunters, however, than there were participants in any one of these sports.

While these comparisons show that hunting isn't responsible for more than a small fraction of all the accidental deaths each year, they were not intended as a justification of, or as an excuse for, the hunting accidents that do occur. The overwhelming majority of them could have been avoided, and the hunters themselves should be the ones most interested in reducing the annual toll.

Before going into suggestions for making hunting safer, let's take a look at the way accidents
(Continued on page 34)

AIRBORNE

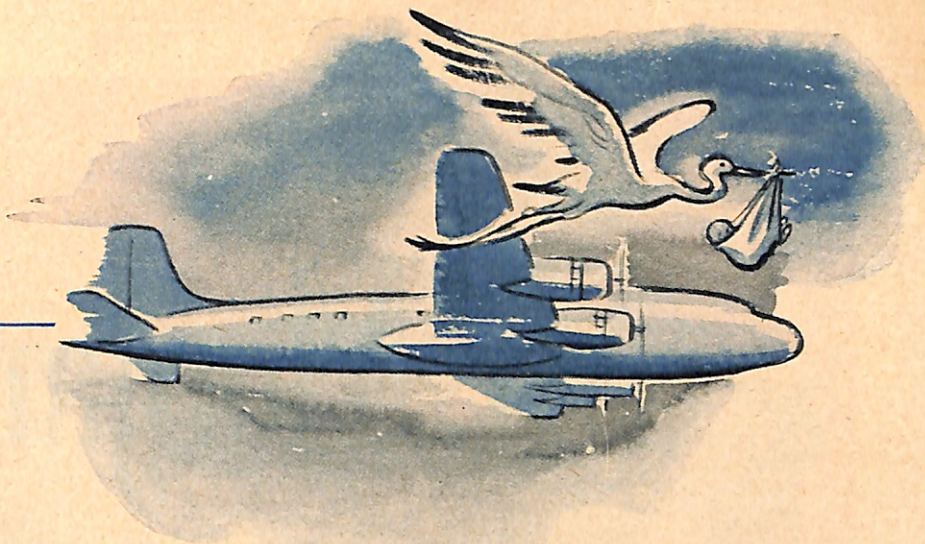
**In his race to outwit the stork the captain also
flouted all the chicken-feather regulations**



"Hi, Beautiful!" a tall, lean pilot said softly.

Illustrated by JOHN PIKE

BABY



BY STANLEY WASHBURN, JR.

THE Dallas Air Terminal seethed with the restless activity of an auction in an Arab market. Even at one a.m. ticket counters were lined three-deep with frustrated air travelers. Loudspeakers blared information on departing and arriving flights. Overhead lights blazed down on benches crowded with people reading, arguing or sprawled out trying to sleep with newspapers over their faces.

A taxi's brakes squeaked. Two girls in identical blue uniforms stepped briskly out and pushed through the swinging glass doors, heels tapping rapidly across the stone floor of the crowded waiting room. Their neatly arranged hair under the jaunty rake of uniform caps, bright eyes and immaculate white blouses setting off the deep-blue gabardine, form-fitting jackets, presented a freshness which swept like a cool night breeze through the tired staleness of the crowded terminal.

"Better check with operations and get an estimate on the *Mercury's* arrival time; I'm going out on the ramp for a minute."

"Okay, Hon, I'll let you know." The junior stewardess pushed through a door marked "Airline employees only".

Stewardess Childs, better known as "Honey Chile", walked out of the terminal toward the wire fence bordering the airport loading ramps. The damp, night air was heavy with confused engine noises and the sharp clean smell of high-octane gasoline. Under the low stratus overcast, jewel-like position lights of several airliners moved with deliberate leisure as transports maneuvered ponderously in the traffic pattern for their final approaches. Toward the West, a glow at the base of the overcast reflected the lights of Fort Worth.

For five years Honey Chile had lived with the sights, sounds and smells of aviation. Over the left breast-pocket of her smartly tailored jacket, a gold wing insignia signified five years' seniority with American Airlines, three of these served during the leave of absence in the Pacific Island areas where she won a 1st lieutenant's bar and the air medal as a flight nurse with the 804th air evacuation squadron. Now, at twenty-five, Honey was back where she had begun—with enough seniority on the airline's stewardess roster, however, to tie down the Dallas-New York leg of the airline's crack trans-continental flight.

The light path of the rotating airport beacon intermittently flashed across her golden, shoulder-length hair, silhouetting a trim, five-foot figure against the black of the starless night.

"Hi, Beautiful!" a tall, lean pilot said softly. Honey whirled around, then laughed.

"Oh, hello, Matt. Trying to scare me?"

"Scare you. Ha!" Captain Mathews laughed mirthlessly, "No one could scare you." He flipped a cigarette from a pack. "Burn one?" Honey took the cigarette and leaned forward toward the lighter cupped in his hands. The flame revealed her golden sun-tan and intensely blue eyes under long lashes. Matt regarded her silently,

lighted his own cigarette and leaned on the fence, thoughtfully watching the crowds of people filing into a four-engine airliner while incoming passengers from a DC-3 milled about looking for their baggage.

"Never have so many people wanted to travel to so many places in so few airplanes," Matt offered.

"Oh, I don't know. Remember after the Kwajeleins landing so many people had to travel so badly we ended up by loading 40 ambulatory cases aboard each C-47?"

"Yes." The pilot paused reminiscently. "Some picnic, Kwajeleins." Mathews had served as a pilot of a troop carrier command transport in the Pacific and frequently had flown Honey and her wounded soldiers from battle fronts to base hospitals in the Gilberts.

They smoked in silence for several minutes. Abruptly Matt turned to Honey. His lean sunburned face was suddenly serious, lips drawn in a thin line. He dropped his cigarette to the tarmac and ground it out viciously with the slanted heel of his boot.

"Listen, Honey, how long are we going to stall around? I don't get it. If there's someone else, don't try to spare my feelings."

"No, Matt, you know it isn't that"—Honey paused indecisively. "It's just that I'm all mixed up. You know the company won't let me keep my stewardess job if we get married—and I just don't think I'd make a very good companion if I weren't working. I'll settle down soon enough, Matt, really I will."

"Don't give me that old routine." He seized her hand. "Honey, darling, you'll get to be one of those perennial career girls who go on year after year postponing the idea of settling down. The longer they wait, the harder it is for them to make up their minds." He looked earnestly into her upturned face and spoke with deliberation.

"Honey, I've loved you—more than you'll ever know—for three years now. If you don't get the word pretty quick that a home and kids are the most important thing we can share, we might as well call it quits." He jerked his visor down over his eyes by way of emphasis and turned rapidly away.

"Where you going, Matt?"

"Chicago." Honey watched the tall Texan pick up his flight kit and walk toward his airplane. At the passenger gate, she noticed one of the new college girl stewardesses—an attractive brunette—stalling just long enough to time her arrival at the airplane at the same moment Matt walked up the steps. Suddenly she felt a pang of uncertainty. A DC-3 taxied rapidly along the ramp. Honey turned her back to the propeller blast and hurried toward the operations office.

Her crew was already checking the weather. The meteorologist indicated a wide green area on the chart and repeatedly referred to a curving warm front shown by a red-crayoned line extending from the Mississippi valley to the eastern seaboard. Honey's mind was elsewhere but she got the general idea. Lowering stratus

(Continued on page 20)

Mr. Morgan's Horse

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

*Mrs. Astor's Plush Horse had
nothing on Mr. Morgan's horse
—except, possibly, chic*

MAY, 1795. Green Mountain Vermonters, with mares to be bred, read with interest an advertisement of stud, printed in the *Rutland Herald* and signed by one Justin Morgan.

"Figure will cover this season
at the stable of
Samuel Allen"

Figure? That must be the little bay with black legs Morgan took for a debt down in West Springfield, Mass., two or three years ago. Getting right well known, he is. People had started calling him "Justin Morgan" after his owner. Just a runt of a horse—not much over fourteen hands and less than a thousand pounds. But Morgan must know what he was about, putting him at stud. School teacher and singing master Morgan might be, but he knows horses. He's been standing his own and other folks' a long time.

"Figure will stand at Williston till the eighteenth of May; then to Hinesburgh, where he will stand one week; then back to Williston, to continue through the season, one week in each place"

Humph. Morgan isn't calculating to let that little stud horse

of his do much resting, is he?

"With regard to said horse's beauty, strength and activity, the subscriber flatters himself the curious will be best satisfied to come and see. . . ."

Well, grant those who have seen him, he isn't a bad-looking nag. Heavy black mane and tail, small ears set wide apart, large dark eyes. Plenty of power there. Deep chest, legs short but sturdy, heavy-muscled hind quarters. Gentle—broken to ride or to harness. And fast, for such a chunky piece of horseflesh. If you happen to be around when Morgan races him, bet a gallon of rum on him. Likely you'll drink the other man's.

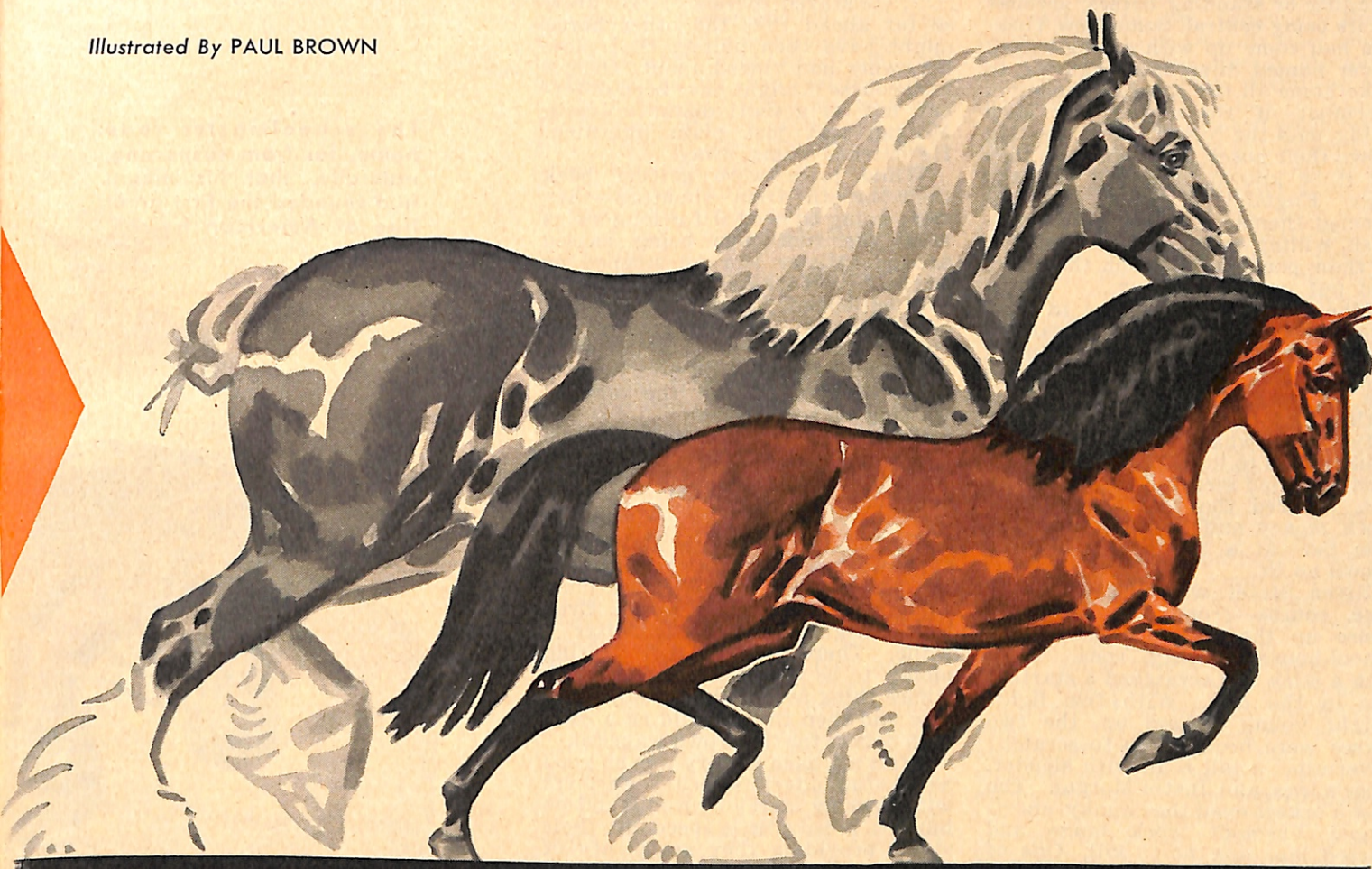
"Figure sprang from a curious horse owned by Col. DeLancey of New York. . . ."

Readers of the advertisement chuckle over that line. Vermonters still liked to tell the story of what happened in the Revolution to Colonel DeLancey, King's man and wealthy, high-and-mighty New Yorker. Seems the colonel went raiding patriots' cattle with his Tory cavalry and when he came back, tied his mount, a bay stal-

lion called True Briton, outside a tavern and went in for a drink—well, it turned out to be the costliest drink he ever downed. That horse, imported from England, had cost DeLancey two hundred pounds. Up sneaked a smart young fellow, name of Smith, and galloped off on the colonel's charger. They chased him miles and never even saw his dust. Smith sold the animal in New England. That was how a horse named True Briton started siring Yankee colts, and a good one on the British, that was. With such a sire, there is no denying Morgan's little bay comes of fine stock—and through his dam, too. In both flows the "rich, high blood" of famous Arabians and thoroughbreds.

"But," finishes the stud advertisement, "the greatest recommend I can give him is, he is exceeding sure and gets curious colts."

Curious colts they were. Mares served by the stallion Justin Morgan produced offspring which might take the color of their hide from their dams but bore them little other resemblance. All were



the spit and image of their sire and not only in physical but in other characteristics: intelligence, willingness, endurance, gentleness.

The schoolmaster rode home after the stud season, far from suspecting, naturally, that his mount had founded the first great line of American horses; that this horse he still called Figure would take his own name of Justin Morgan and lend it renown; that the stock of this runt, grudgingly accepted for a \$25 debt, would make fortunes; that he would be honored with memorial tablets, medallions, a joint-resolution of the Vermont Legislature, sesquicentennial celebrations and a bronze statue; that he would inspire books, magazines, articles, stories, and poems. And that he and his line of curious colts—Morgan horses—would gallop through American history.

THE teacher rode his namesake to district school and to the jolly, sociable, singing classes he led. Everybody liked the tall, lanky schoolmaster. If any laughed at the spectacle he made, mounted on his little horse—long

legs almost trailing if he took his feet out of the stirrups—he laughed with them. You could depend on the two Justin Morgans, Green Mountain people said. Through drift-snow or sleet, over road, trail or cross-country, they always arrived where you expected them.

Nobody ever saw the little bay stumble. Being so obedient and bridlemaster, he was always in demand by borrowers. Girls begged him of his master to ride to dances—the Morgan horse never chucked a party-goer, all dressed up in her best frock, off in a mud puddle. On muster days the most dashing officer on the parade ground was the lucky man who'd been able to manage the loan of the schoolmaster's nag, for his mount would rise to the occasion by becoming a spirited charger, with prances and caracoles at the right moment.

The Morgan horse loved to be groomed and caressed. He was full of life and play when led out on a halter-rope. Somehow he was never at ease with children, gentle though he was. Dogs he disliked intensely; one must once have nipped his heels. If loose, the

Standing up against a Clydesdale, the sturdy little Morgan horse looked almost like a pony.

little stallion would chase any dog he sighted, snorting wrathfully.

Seldom was he idle. With school-teaching paying so poorly and a wife and five children to support, his master counted more and more on what the bay could earn. Justin Morgan, the man, had found all heavy farm work beyond his strength since he contracted the lung sickness at the age of 20. Justin Morgan, the horse, hired out, did it for him, and though the rate of hire ran low, it still was a help.

Other times it was the stocky bay's utterly surprising speed that brought in money. Some folks up and vowed that Morgan oughtn't to have any part in such doings as horse-racing, and he a hymn-writer—author of *The Judgment Hymn*. Didn't seem fitting, considering all the betting and the rum-guzzling that went on at races. But Morgan, he allowed as how people really enjoyed themselves and forgot their troubles, watching a good horse race.

There was that race at Wood-

stock that time, a great place for running or standing horses, account of its being central. Some New Yorkers had come up with a long-legged racer named Silvermine, figuring to take home all the sporting money in Vermont—if there was any such thing, said the New Yorkers, looking down their noses. They doubted, they let it be known, if they'd find any New Englanders, even such as fancied themselves judges of horseflesh, willing to take their hands out of their pockets, unclench their fists and put up hard money.

Money was right scarce in Vermont, but those New York macaronis made folks mad, even Mister Justin Morgan. He got so riled he wagered the big sum of fifty dollars on his little horse—and that was about fifty times what the schoolmaster could afford to lose. Green Mountain men, who had seen the Morgan horse run, covered the rest of the New York money and there was enough rum bet—at a dollar a gallon—to drown an ox.

River Street was picked as the race course—from Mister Myer's house up the river as far as the school-house—eighty rods. Myer took a stick and scratched a starting line in the dirt. With two lightweight young fellows up, the two horses were brought up to scratch: Silvermine, a tall roan with slender, racer's legs, and Justin Morgan. The New Yorkers eyed the chunky, short-legged Vermont work horse and started laughing fit to kill. One of them yelped, "Say, you forgot the plow!"

A lot of the people around the starting point began to think they'd been a mite rash, betting the way they had. But they felt better when they looked at the Morgan horse. Seemed like his eyes were a-flashing fire. Those well-shaped ears of his were pricked forward and fair twitching with excitement. He was grinding his bit. Every muscle was a-standing out and quivering. Those stocky hind legs of his were drawn up under him—kind of like the way a catamount does, getting ready to spring.

The starter dropped his hat. Both horses plunged over the scratch. Everybody yelled so loud and so sudden that a sharp echo came bouncing back off the hills.

That Silvermine horse was fast and he ran for all he was worth. But the little Morgan was simply amazing. He didn't have a sign of what racing people call form, but he was 950 pounds of power and

rapid action. He shot out in front He stayed there He drew so far ahead that the other horse might have been pulling that plow his owner had yipped about. Over a long course it might have been different, but for a short distance Justin Morgan was just plain lightning. He finished going away.

While folks were getting back their breath from shouting—they were going to need it for long swigs from the rum jugs being passed around—Mister Morgan stepped up to the New Yorkers.

"Gentlemen," he offered in his best school-teacher and singing-master voice, "Since your horse didn't seem to be in the running, I'll give you two more chances to win the stack—walking or trotting."

The New Yorkers didn't take him up. Seems it was a long ways back to York State, and they had to be getting on.

WELL, sir, the little Morgan always won. It got to be so that no one from anywhere near around would race a rag against him. Even the foreigners caught on after a while. There was no more racing money to be won, with the bay such a sure thing over a short course, but now and then there would be a race, with drinks for the crowd wagered.

After all, each victory was as good as a stud advertisement. Farmers with horsing mares figured it did no harm to breed a little speed into their stock, providing they got plenty of bottom to boot. Besides, they had all the bargain anybody—even a Vermonter—could ask, considering the modest stud fee Morgan charged.

But all the Morgan horse could earn wasn't nearly enough. In 1798 the school teacher died in debt; creditors realized only 18 cents on the dollar. The horse was sold to Sheriff William Rice of Woodstock in whose house his master had been cared for during his last illness.

THE sheriff sold the horse to Robert Evans, and again Justin Morgan was working for a poor man with a large family. He was Evans' only team. After chores were done at home, man and horse hired out to neighbors.

It's one thing to pull something on wheels—Justin Morgan could trot with the best of them—but another to haul a heavy log or a stone-boat, piled high with those boulders the Lord saw fit to sow in the soil of Vermont. 'Round and about Randolph village, considerable land was

The schoolmaster rode home, far from suspecting, naturally, that his mount had founded the first great line of American horses.





cleared, stone fences built, and fields ploughed by Evans and his one-horse team. When there was a hard haul to be done and folks stood off and looked at the big load and the little horse, Evans would pick up the reins and remark with a proud and confident look at the Morgan, "Don't often have to ask him but once. Whatever he's hitched gen'rally has to come first time trying."

It did, too. You could gamble on it, and Evans did.

There was that time at the Randolph saw-mill. A hefty pine log lay some ten rods from the hill. Nary a horse had been able to move it and some that weighed as much as 1200 pounds had tried—and lost a wager for their owners. Along about dusk Evans came by with his horse from a field where he'd been logging all day. Soon as he'd been told about the drawing match, he walked into the tavern and challenged the whole company to bet a gallon of rum against his horse's hauling that pine square onto the logway in three pulls.

The company accepted with a shout. Everybody took a glass, smacked lips and stepped out. Carrying lanterns—it was dark now—the line of men went weaving down to the log like a lot of fireflies that had got into cider pressings. Making fast his toggle-chains, Evans grinned and allowed he was ashamed to hitch his horse to a little stick like that. He wouldn't feel right winning the wager and drinking their rum, he said, unless three of 'em got on and rode. So three of the company, who were a touch unsteady on their feet and glad of a chance to sit down somewhere, climbed on the log, whooping and hollering.

Men forget kindness when they get bragging about their animals. Justin Morgan had been hard at work all day and long before now he ought to have been fed and stabled. But he was willing as always. At Evans' command he put his weight into the collar. Those mighty breast and thigh muscles of his flexed and stood out with the strain of his effort.

"Watch your feet," Evans yelled to the log riders. "When this colt gets a-pulling, something's got to come!"

The Morgan horse plunged ahead, bent so far forward that he appeared almost to be crawling on his knees. He drew the heavy log and its riders half the agreed distance before he halted. On the next pull, he made it to the logway, with one pull to spare.

He won all the drawing bees as he had won all the races. He worked early and he worked late, day in and

day out, with that iron endurance he bequeathed to his progeny. But Evans failed to make ends meet and, for the third time, Justin Morgan went to settle a debt. Members of the Goss family owned him for some years. All manner of hard work was still his lot, but he was well cared for and now he was valued at one hundred dollars. Those curious colts of his, begotten in his image, were winning wider appreciation, particularly three foaled during those years: Sherman, Woodbury and Bullrush Morgan. (The next generation had bred taller and heavier.) These colts were destined to be the three chief channels of the Morgan blood.

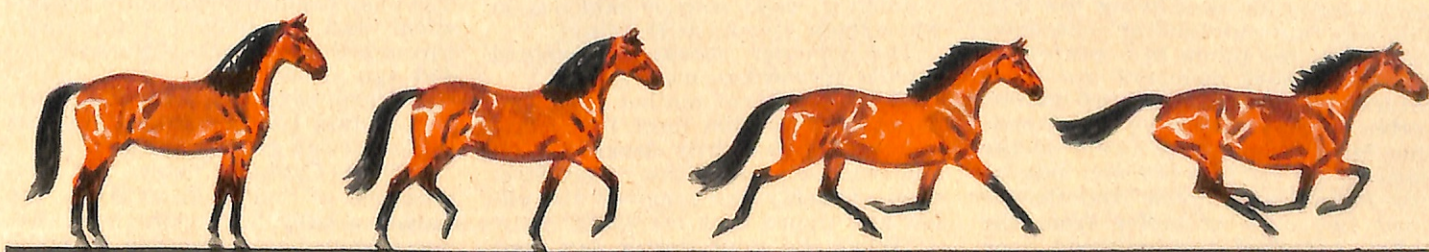
Autumn, 1811. Justin Morgan was 19, well on toward old age for a horse. He changed owners rather often now—seemed as though nobody wanted him dying on their hands, not while there was still a sale or a swap to be had. Yankee horse-trading, you say? For certain it was, but a horse needs feed and keep, and sentiment, like it says in the book, is a luxury for them as can afford it. You'd not find many luxuries in Vermont or New Hampshire, either, in those days.

But while there were plenty of people who worked their cattle hard but treated them decently, there were some, too, like the freighter named Langmaid who bought Justin Morgan and put him the lead pair of a six-horse team. Cruel hard he used the old horse, hauling freight from Windsor to Chelsea. Yet in any and all weather the little bay in the lead always pulled his best. In icy, blinding sleet or snowstorm, he never looked back. He always faced the blast.

Thin and worn, the Morgan horse was bought by his next owner for a pittance. He was a bargain, for there were still years of usefulness ahead of him both as a work horse and a stud. He was still sound, spirited and vigorous in 1821 when, at the ripe old age of 32, he died from an infection, the result of another horse's kick.

AND yet he seems to be alive today, so faithfully is his image reproduced in his descendants. If the schoolmaster of Randolph, Vermont, came back to earth, he might easily take some living Morgan horse for his old nag. Not only the appearance of the horse, Justin Morgan, but his other characteristics, both physical and temperamental, have been transmitted through generation after generation. Even after crosses with other well-established breeds, the

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Airborne Baby

(Continued from page 15)

deck; widespread precipitation paralleling the warm front; uncertain terminal conditions at La Guardia; the Washington landing cancelled. An instrument ride from take-off to landing—nice and smooth for the passengers.

The loudspeaker announced the arrival of the *Mercury*. A few minutes later the Los Angeles crew walked in. Pilots passed on technical tidbits about the airplane. "... She's loaded a hair tail-heavy ... co-pilot's gyro precesses about two degrees a minute ... yes, radios OK ... good ship ... she'll get there. ..." At the other end of the operations counter the incoming stewardesses passed along details concerning the passengers to the relieving girls. "... Only one wolf aboard tonight. We told him off ... he's asleep up by the magazine rack ... couple of movie people ... a Senator and the usual number of butter and eggheads. There's a little gal back in the rear seat expects her baby in about five weeks ... 'way past the squeamish stage—she's OK ... you'll have an easy trip."

A half-hour later, in the dimmed lights of the warm cabin, Honey and the junior stewardess moved quietly along the aisle, adjusting ventilators, tucking in blankets and adjusting pillows more comfortably behind sleeping passengers, as the big four-engine Douglas climbed smoothly upward through the murk to its cruising altitude. Beads of water crawled horizontally across the windows. The navigation lights reflected dim green and red halos in the enveloping dense vapor at the wing tips. Purple light glowed from the tail pipes of the four huge engines out on the wing. When the fifty passengers were settled, Honey suggested to the assistant stewardess, "I'll take over for a while. Why don't you go on back and try to get some sleep? If I get tired I'll call you."

Honey moved quietly up the aisle. The soporific hum of the engines, the sense of detachment in the big ship—seemingly solid and motionless in the enveloping black void—gave Honey a feeling of peace and security. She hoped that this familiar environment and tranquillity during the next few hours' flight would give her an opportunity to think over what Matt had said before parting so bluntly, "... a home and kids are the most important thing. ..."

Vic Custer, one of the company's senior captains, was flying the trip. Vic was an outstanding character among airline pilots in a profession in which most members are characters. His mannerisms and conversation were so refreshing at any time that Honey thought it would do her good to go up forward and talk to him for a few minutes. Quietly she filled two cups of coffee from the buffet, unlocked the bulkhead door

and entered the cockpit. In the dim fluorescent light from the instrument panel she saw the old airman lounged in his seat, headphones cocked over his ears. His co-pilot was tuning the radio and making slight adjustments to the automatic pilot's directional control. Vic Custer had the easy, relaxed alertness of a million-mile airline captain. His piercing eyes squinted permanently from flying thousands of hours into rising and setting suns and scanning distant horizons. His conversational tone, developed for inter-cockpit conversation during the days of open airplanes, was keyed to the level satisfactory for a man conversing with a friend across a canyon. Between every thought Vic habitually sniffed violently to accentuate his comments. When not flying, he spent his time supervising his cattle ranch near Fort Worth where he raised prize Herefords.

"Well, bless my black heart if it ain't Honey Chile," Vic roared as Honey appeared with the coffee. "If I wasn't already married with a thousand white-faced cows to take care of, I'd marry a gal like you tomorrow!" He tossed off the steaming coffee at a gulp, patted Honey and roared at his co-pilot, a former major from a B-29 squadron, "Boy!" Vic called anyone occupying the right-hand seat 'boy', from the vice-president of operations to the greenest co-pilot. "Drink your coffee while it's hot. I'll guide this wandering flagship for a while. A man's got to keep his hand in, you know." Vic sniffed, drew on a pair of buckskin gloves, disconnected the auto pilot control and seized the wheel. "Who we got aboard tonight, Honey? Any movie fillies back there worth taking a gander at?" The cabin interphone light blinked. Muttering curses at the radio department as he groped in the darkened cockpit for the inconveniently located selector switch, he finally made contact with the stewardess back in the cabin. "What do you want, Sweetheart?" He listened a moment, "Okay—I'll tell her." Vic hung up his mike and turned to Honey standing at his shoulder.

"Junior says one of your passengers is acting queer—better go back and check up." As Honey made her way through the baggage compartment she heard Vic bellowing a macabre ballad of the plains country—about a 'dead cowboy laid out in white linen, as cold as the clay'.

The younger stewardess walked rapidly forward to meet Honey.

"That expectant mother is having pains." In the dim light Honey noticed the girl's tightly clenched teeth and beads of perspiration on her forehead. Quickly she removed the pillow and tipped back the seat.

"When did your doctor say your

baby would be born?" Honey asked. Between sobs the girl blurted, "He said it couldn't be before three weeks. I just had to get East ... Fred—he's my husband—just got out of the Navy ... he's an architect ... and we're going to develop his grandfather's estate ... but we have to be there before the baby is born or we'll lose everything." The young mother-to-be winced and fumbled in her bag to find a crumpled telegram. "Look—it says here. ..." Honey quickly unfolded the message and leaned toward the shielded light.

"ELLEN DEAREST EXECUTOR OF ESTATE JUST FOUND PROVISION IN WILL STATING UNLESS HEIRS SHOW ENOUGH INTEREST TO BE ON ESTATE AT TIME OF BIRTH OF FIRST CHILD ENTIRE PROPERTY GOES TO NEXT OF KIN. BETTER PLAN FLY EAST IMMEDIATELY. WILL HAVE GARDENER'S COTTAGE IN SHAPE FOR US BEFORE YOU ARRIVE LOVE—FRED"

Honey's mind raced back to her days in the maternity ward during nursing training.

"Golly day," Honey confided to the junior stewardess, "I don't remember anything about the baby business. We've got to get her down to a doctor—right now before the stork beats us to it. Stay here and keep an eye on her."

She ran forward to the cockpit. "Vic, we have to land! It's an emergency. One of the passengers is going to have a baby!"

"What's that?" Vic sniffed violently, and roared, "Not on my airplane. Go back and tell her I'm not having any babies born on an airplane I'm flying. It's bad luck!"

"Listen, Vic. I'm not kidding. She's really in labor. We've got to land at the next airport. Hurry!"

One look at Honey's face convinced him.

"Boy! Where the hell are we? What intersection was that we passed a minute ago?" The co-pilot pressed the light button on his wheel and with his thumb indicated Smithville on the radio range chart, a check point between Nashville and Knoxville. Vic quickly put on his gloves, sniffed and spit in his palms.

"Crank up the wireless for Nashville," he snatched his hand-mike and roared, "Nashville from American 410—I declare an emergency!" The busy frequency suddenly became silent and an instant reply came through the blackness, "Nashville to 410—go ahead!"

Discarding formal radio procedure, the captain roared out his distress to the airway ground station.

"This is Captain Custer. Ten minutes east of Smithville at 9000. I'm having a baby born right now. Request immediate clearance to make

standard instrument approach and landing at Nashville. Go ahead with your Nashville special weather!"

Turning to Honey, "Go back there and stall for time. No stork ever cruised at 285 and that's what we're making from here on in." Hurrying aft, Honey felt the centrifugal force in her knees as Vic banked the big airliner sharply off the airway and started a rapid let-down toward Nashville.

In the cabin the situation had changed miraculously in the few minutes Honey had been in the cockpit. All the lights were on. Forty-nine passengers were peering aft or talking excitedly. The expectant mother was obviously in severe pain. Honey hurried aft to the coat compartment, hoping that she still might have one of those GI syrettes floating around with lipstick, mirror and change purse in the bottom of her shoulder bag. Several weeks ago she had found the tube in her GI gear and had meant to turn it in to the company doctor, knowing it to be a federal offense to possess morphine or use it for any purpose without a doctor's prescription. She found it! Without a thought of the twenty-odd federal, state and company regulations she might be violating, Honey quickly bared the girl's arm, and unscrewed the loaded sheath covering the needle, as she had done so many times before in the cabin of troop carrier transports evacuating wounded. Honey calmly inserted the needle in the girl's arm and rolled up the bottom of the tube. The effects of the drug were immediate. Young Mrs. Evans relaxed and fell into a coma.

Honey whipped off her uniform jacket and cap and quickly ordered the president of a paper company to clear out all the coats in the coat

compartment and pile them in the forward end of the cabin. Turning to a Hollywood script writer ogling the activities behind his seat with awed fascination, Honey ordered—"You—the gentleman in seat thirty-five! Please come here quickly." He obeyed. "Get those suitcases out of that rear baggage compartment and build up a table arrangement. We have to improvise some kind of a bed for this girl."

"Yes, Miss Childs!" The passenger went to work. The junior stewardess stood at Honey's elbow. "What did you study at college?" Honey asked.

"Elizabethan drama mostly, why?"

"That's just dandy", Honey answered the girl impatiently. "Well, then, stand by the interphone and keep Captain Custer up-to-the-minute on this drama, and keep the rest of the passengers out of our hair."

The younger stewardess seemed greatly relieved and hurried forward along the aisle to reassure the passengers, especially several older ladies who were particularly anxious to help in any way they could.

"Is that what you want, Miss Childs?" the Hollywood writer asked Honey, indicating the improvised berth he had built in the coat room by rearranging several dozen suitcases.

"That's wonderful, sir. Thanks a million. Now I wish you would go down the aisle and ask ten or twelve passengers to give up their pillows and blankets, so we can make a really good bed for this woman." While the passenger hastened to fulfill this mission, Honey made a quick examination of her patient.

"It might be an hour and it might be five. I can't tell," Honey said to the stewardess standing by the phone. The girl was unable to break

in on the circuit as the pilots were busy. "Never mind calling," Honey told her. "I'll go up and find out how soon we'll land. In the meantime, let's put the patient to bed." Honey had unconsciously assumed the authoritative tone of command developed during her years of service as an officer in the Army nurse corps, and the passengers obeyed her without question.

The distinguished-looking representative from California and two businessmen in rear seats, who were watching the activity in awed silence, helped move the young mother-to-be. In a moment Honey was tucking her between the blankets of the improvised bed. She then hastened forward. On entering the cockpit, Honey immediately sensed that some new crisis was impending. She had been a stewardess long enough, however, to know not to interrupt.

"Boy!" Vic roared at his co-pilot, "hold this heading and maintain your altitude." He grabbed his microphone and disregarded further radio formalities.

"Listen—you gol-danged stupid son of a mule-skinning gopher-eater—you can't tell me I can't land at Nashville with a 200-foot ceiling and a quarter-of-a-mile visibility. I'm declaring an emergency. Now give me your altimeter setting and get the hell off this frequency so I can read the range!" The co-pilot looked horrified, as he witnessed a pilot talking back to the omnipotent voice of Flight Control. After a moment's pause an answer came through Vic's headphones, "Captain Custer from Nashville Flight Superintendent—Do not attempt landing at Nashville. The Field is closed. Repeating. Do not land at Nashville, the Field is closed. Proceed to New York with Buffalo alternate. Stand by for further clearance."

"Why, that silly bunch of desk aviators telling me what I can do! They were flying kites in grade school when I was pushing cloth-covered airplanes up and down this run at night without radio or instruments." The old airman sniffed violently. As he ranted, he automatically returned the radios, trimmed the fletners for a climb, reset his gyro, applied climbing horsepower, reduced carburetor heat, adjusted the mixtures, advanced and resynchronized the four propellers, noticed that number three head temperature was running high and cracked a cowl flap to correct the condition. His blasphemies and comments on CAA regulations continued unabated.

"Why, that lousy bunch of bureaucrats setting in the chief pilot's office will never know as much about flying as I've forgotten in twenty years—and I'm a stupid old cowhand at that!" Vic punctuated his observation with a vicious stream of tobacco juice between the rudder pedals as he wheeled the thirty-ton airliner toward New York and climbed steeply toward the graying murk toward the East.

(Continued on page 24)



"Hubert drinks like a fish."

It's a Man's World



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

DON'T look now, but that suit you're wearing is low in the shoulder and high in the chest. And that hand-painted necktie, which once you thought resembled *Salvatore Dali* cutting technicolor paper dolls, is something an up and coming octogenarian wouldn't wear to a wake—too drab!

That's not me talking in that paragraph up there, but a large group of clothing designers who claim to have the feedbox dope on what the U. S. male will wear this year, besides overalls. High and more heavily padded shoulders, they say, with jackets cut more open at the lapels to reveal neckties with enough color and spang to deflect a .45 caliber bullet fired at ten paces.

More tints in the coat and pants too, they maintain. Business suits with panchromatic pin and chalk stripes; sport coats and slacks in more varied pastel shades, and fancy little bits of tailoring work here and there, like pleats.

Four bits says if I hadn't told you, you would never have known it.

IHAVE just recovered from a severe case of pain in the back of my stomach induced by the suggestion of Mrs. Wallace E. Barnes of Los Angeles, that men should wear girdles. Mrs. Barnes, described as a panty and bra manufacturer—ladies panties and bras, that is—is distressed over the lack of elegant waistlines among mature males, and sees the two-way stretch as the solution of the hour.

It won't work. In contrast with the spreadeagle effect in the derrières of some dames who shouldn't wear slacks, the male waistline, as it approaches full development, is as carefully nurtured as an incubator baby,

and equally expensive. It is an indication if not of opulence, at least of good living. I know of one man who used to brag, over his fourth beer, that he had spent \$15,000 in developing his paunch to the magnificent thing it was. He loved that paunch the way some spinsters love Persian cats. Used to lump it over the bar and caress it while he talked about the meals he'd stowed away in it, until he shamed the proprietor into serving corned beef sandwiches on the house.

That's the way men feel about their middles, Mrs. Barnes, once they give up mumbling how some day they'll do a little exercise and again look like Errol Flynn. It is an old technique but it's still a good one: when you've got something you wish you hadn't, but lack the energy to get rid of it, the best thing to do is brag about it.

I'm afraid that about takes care of the men's girdle business.

THE war between the hatmen and what my conservative business friends call the undergraduates—meaning any man without a hat—seems to be about as relentless, though much less interesting, as the endless war between men and women. The issue, of course, is whether 'tis as proper to wear a hat as 'tis meet to go without one. To keep their side of the issue alive—and under a fedora—the Hat Research Foundation has announced another in its annual series of campaigns against the bareheaded male.

The hatmen haven't revealed their promotion strategy but it's a safe bet that it will shape up that the goodies, as they say in Hollywood, will appear bright-eyed and neatly hatted, while the baddies will be tousled, leering,

hatless and with five o'clock shadow left over from yesterday.

In winter in most of the country the question of wearing a hat is fairly well decided by the weather. Only the screwball fringe, who would rather be cute than be comfortable, would go without a hat when the cold numbness begins to affect the space between their ears. But when Spring is here—with wet feet and sniffles, I surmise, but none the less here—hundreds of thousands of us will park the old beaver on the closet shelf where it will stay until the swamp maples turn red come Fall.

Is this good? Frankly, no. And the reasons are corny as heck. It is just a simple truth that except in sport clothes or in a resort or holiday atmosphere, no man is well dressed and hatless, no matter how curly are his blond locks. So what? Well, the only reason for being well dressed, other than personal taste, is to give the impression of success and well being, for giving that day-to-day impression is a most positive factor in success. A boss who chooses between two men of equal ability will give the raise or promotion to the better dressed man every time. Not just once in a while, but every time.

If I sound like a panty-waist boys' camp counsellor, I'm sorry. But it is worth repeating that anyone selecting a doctor, a lawyer, a grocer or a garbage man is influenced by the appearance of the men they choose from. Subtly, but none the less certainly, a hat can contribute to improve that appearance. So if you really take yourself and your work seriously, you'll probably wear a hat.

Where the hat manufacturers miss the boat is in the lousy type of hat they sell and the way they sell it. The straw sailor-hat business is on the way out, for example, simply because they are hard, ill fitting and uncomfortable. For thirty years everyone knew this. What did the hat mfgs. do about it? Nothing. They just made more and more straw sailor-hats until quite a few men stopped wearing any hat in summer. Then the mfgs. got panicky and designed a light-weight, inexpensive straw that is porous and comfortable. They were just a little late.

They're pretty late now in hat styling. Except for a few strictly geographical variations, men's hats are about as standardized as pancakes, horse collars and production-line sex. And about as interesting. Hat mfgs. simply aren't keeping up with the times.

And hats are sold as if they were canned asparagus. Walk into a store and ask for a hat. The clerk gives you one and you try it on for size. You look in the mirror, and if you still recognize yourself without taking Bertillion measurements, he stamps your initials on the sweat-band and out you go. The clerk has no idea whether the hat was styled for you or for Fiorello La Guardia. Or for Joseph Stalin, bless his little red heart.

Instead of spending a lot of dough

telling men to wear something they can tip to a lady, the mfrs. had better get some designs down on the drawing boards. Then they'd better start teaching clerks to sell men only what looks well on them.

FOR some time I've been seriously concerned about the risks men take when they go out these days with a girl. It wasn't so long ago that about all we needed to fear was the girl herself. Her charm and wiles might captivate us, but the only mechanical aids were bustles, some strategically placed padding, and rats in her hair. These mainly gave her an up-to-date setting, so to speak, to which any gal is entitled. Otherwise she was on her own and if she got her man it was her charm and maybe Ivory soap that triumphed.

It isn't that way nowadays, and I'm not complaining, either, about saucy provocations. That's a part of the head start a man gives in the sex race, because he's a gentleman.

What I'm talking about is the vast perfume industry with its \$50,000-a-year chemists, its batteries of flasks, test tubes and retorts, its imposing array of formulae, and its evident total mobilization for the sole purpose of capturing elusive males. The perfume industry is older than you or I, or even older than history. But as my grandpappy used to tell it as he bounced me on his knee, time was when perfumes had something to do with the scents of flowers.

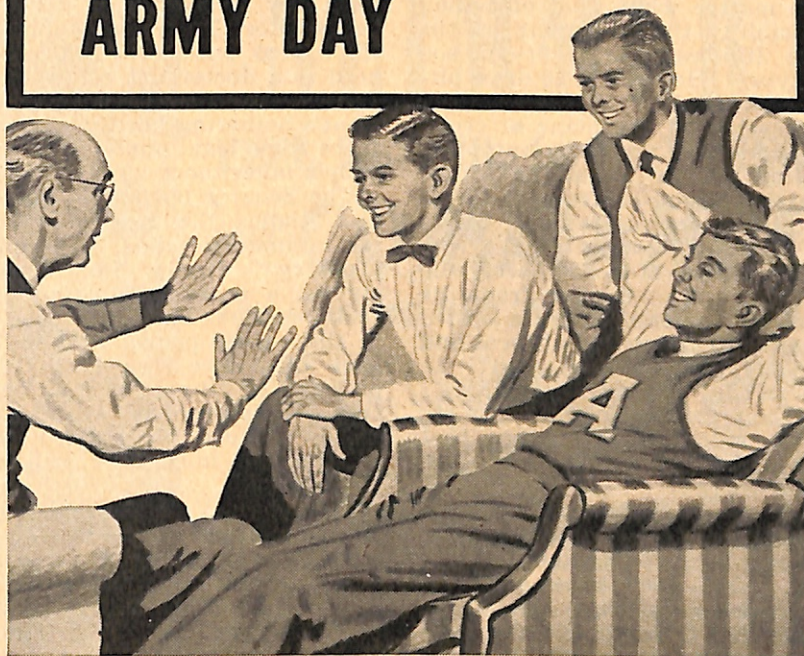
Now what happens? Today she goes out and buys elaborately confected preparations which are as vigorously irresistible as a huge, wealthy and highly competitive industry can concoct. A man on a date no longer encounters bustle-buttressed charm. He has to overcome the staggering allure of perfumes designed to dull his better judgment and, at the same time, to incite just enough of the beast in him to get him committed to a marital contract. Up to now he has had about as much chance of resisting them as has a surgical patient of holding out on an anesthetist armed with a can of ether.

But there is something on the market that'll save him. It's a chemical that consumes odors. It was designed for kitchens, to keep down the tattletale smells of frying fish or boiling cabbage. But there is no reason why it won't work just as well in the parlor or, for that matter, the boudoir. With a bottle of this stuff at hand no man need longer fear that he will be overcome by some perfume honestly labelled, "Temptation Night", "Sin Is Fun" or "My Passionate Moment" when all he wants to do is take a lady to the movies. Just merely unscrew the cap of the container and breathe naturally. Guaranteed to add two more years to your bachelorhood.

From the papers I learn that Adolphe Menjou says you can't wear a belt if you want to be well dressed. You've got to wear suspenders.

Thought you might like to know.

HELP MAKE IT A FINE ARMY DAY



AT ONE time or another, the potential Regular Army recruit has to be *shown*. You have given him the facts—the many advantages of Army duty—but he may want to make a close-up acquaintance. That's what makes April 7th an important date for him and for you.

April 7th is Army Day. On certain days during the week of April 7th to 12th many Army installations all over the country will be open to visitors, along with spectacular exhibits in key cities. Watch your newspapers for dates. It will be a grand chance for young men to look the Army over for themselves.

Army progress continues along a wide front, and on Army Day it will be on full display. New weapons, new material, advanced techniques—a demonstration that a strong America is a safe America—will be there to see and evaluate.

You can help to make it a fine Army and a fine Army Day celebration by advising young men in your community to visit the nearest Camp, Post, or Station April 7th-12th.

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
U. S. Army
CHOOSE THIS
FINE PROFESSION NOW!

URGE THE FINEST YOUNG
MEN YOU KNOW TO SERVE
THEIR COUNTRY NOW

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

Airborne Baby

(Continued from page 21)

"Boy, remember this, if a man can fly at all—give him a runway, a handful of throttles and a beam to listen to and he'll make a safe landing no matter what kind of ceiling and visibility they're giving on the ground. If he can't do it—fire the son of a cayuse! He ain't fit to draw airline pilot's pay."

Vic leveled off the plane at cruising altitude and reset the autopilot. Whipping off his gloves he leaned toward the argon instrument lights to set the indices on his power calculator. Out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of Honey barely visible in the reflected glow from the six-foot instrument panel. He sniffed apologetically, turned in his seat and said softly, "Honey, sweetheart . . . they won't let us land. Everything's below their fool book limits for six hundred miles around. Our best chance is New York. What's happening back there?"

Honey suddenly felt weak with a realization of the seriousness of the condition which confronted her.

"Gee, Vic, I don't know anything about babies except what I remember from nursing training but that was over five years ago. I don't think either the mother or her baby can live unless we get them to a hospital before it happens."

"I've been flying these clunks for twenty-one years and have had everything in the book thrown at me: fires, structural failure, clear ice, engine failure over the hump, gas leaks; been struck by lightning six times, but no passenger on my airplane has ever got hurt. We're going to get out of this one if we have to burn up all four engines getting this crock on the ground at LaGuardia before that baby is born!"

Honey kissed the old captain's leathery cheek in gratitude. As she hurriedly left the cockpit she heard the familiar cruising speed hum of the four engines gradually increase to a high-pitched whine as the thirty-ton airliner streaked through the graying eastern sky at nearly five miles a minute.

When Honey reached the bedside she heard the semi-conscious girl repeatedly mumbling—"Baby must be born on estate . . . get East immediately . . . Oh, Fred . . . a home and kids are the most important thing . . . I'm going to lose everything for us . . . I must get there in time . . . Oh, please help me. . . ." Matt's identical words of a few hours earlier now coming from the lips of this courageous girl brought sudden tears to Honey's eyes. She leaned toward the young woman and whispered, "Ellen! Listen! We're going to get you home to Fred in time. Everything's going to be all right. . . . Just relax."

She took the crumpled telegram from Mrs. Evans' coat pocket, reread

the message and moved quickly up the aisle to the Senator's seat.

"Senator! Are you a lawyer?"

"Why, yes, Miss Childs, I practiced law in California for twenty years before I ran for public office." He looked puzzled. "But what we need is a doctor not a lawyer."

"Look! Read this telegram. That's what's bothering her the most. Isn't there some legal angle by which the baby's inheritance can be saved?"

The Senator put on his spectacles and studied the message. After a few minutes he asked, "Where is this property?" Honey didn't know but started a search. Directed by the semi-conscious Mrs. Evans, she found in the elastic pocket of her bag, a pack of letters signed "Fred" and postmarked "Round Ridge, Connecticut". The interphone buzzer sounded. Honey handed the letters to the Senator and hurried to pick up the receiver.

"Honey," Vic shouted, "every ground station we contact requests latest condition of the expectant mother, and you should hear the news broadcasts! We're getting to be the biggest baby story since the Dionne quintuplets. What shall I tell them?"

"Honestly, Vic, I don't know what's going to happen—or when. She's still dozy from the shot I gave her. Just say, 'Mercury holding own in race with stork' . . . Okay? . . . Bye-Bye." Honey knelt in the aisle beside the Senator's chair. He was reading a letter containing a photostatic copy of the Evans estate. The property consisted of a four-hundred-acre, triangular tract of land in the southwestern tip of Connecticut, bounded on one side by a parkway, on another by a reservoir and on the third side by a country lane leading to a town shown as Round Ridge.

"Miss Childs," the Senator removed his glasses, "it is my considered opinion that the decision of a probate court as to the interpretation of the will in this case will be unfavorable to the heir, Fred Evans, unless the child is actually born on the estate in accordance with the statement made by the executor as quoted in the husband's telegram to his wife."

"Oh, Senator! Isn't there some hope we can hold out for her?"

"I have considered a possibility. I recall a maxim handed down from English Common Law which has received some measure of acceptance in our courts. It stems from the latin '*Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad coelum*.' Freely translated this means that a man's property extends upward from his land boundaries to the high heavens."

"Yes?"

"I understand that there is some doubt as to whether weather conditions will permit us to land before

the baby is born." Honey nodded. "Would it be possible for the pilot to locate this four-hundred-acre tract in question and hold the aircraft over this particular area instead of the usual type of circling around aviators do when waiting to land in poor weather conditions?"

"You mean—if the baby is to be born during the holding procedure at LaGuardia, the Evanses will still be able legally to inherit the estate if the circling is done in the air space directly over the property?"

"Exactly, and furthermore, I will be glad to handle this case. If necessary we'll fight it through to the Supreme Court. Our law is based on precedent. To my knowledge there is no precedent for such a case as this. We shall make it. But first we must be able to confirm our position irrefutably and without fear of successful contradiction—as being over the Evans property at the time of the birth. How is this possible?" The Senator glanced out of the window at the early morning gray vapor still beading the glass with little tunnels of moisture. Honey jumped to her feet.

"We've just the right man flying this trip who can make this business legal. Captain Custer can do anything with an airplane." Honey ran forward to explain the situation to the pilots. A moment later Vic was jerking aeronautical charts from his battered flight kit while the co-pilot made a radio report over Washington and gave a LaGuardia estimate for forty minutes later.

Vic found the New York chart and quickly smoothed it out on his lap, holding the photostatic copy of the Evans estate in his free hand. The co-pilot had just acknowledged a radio contact.

"Captain, here's a hell of a note. LaGuardia's still below limits. They say to proceed to Buffalo, our alternate."

"Tell 'em to go back to sleep. We're proceeding to LaGuardia anyway. If they give you any arguments tell 'em we're running on our reserve now and haven't enough gas to get to Buffalo." The co-pilot checked the fuel gauges. The tanks were nearly empty, their high-speed dash from Nashville had consumed nearly twice the normal amount of gas.

The co-pilot hesitated, microphone to his lips. He looked to the captain for reassurance for this flagrant disregard of federal and company regulations. Vic, however, was busily plotting the location of the Evans estate on the relatively small-scale aeronautical chart. He had already dismissed the gasoline shortage as inconsequential. The co-pilot made the report as ordered, hung up, and regarded Vic dubiously.

"They think you've gone crazy."

"Don't give it a thought, boy,

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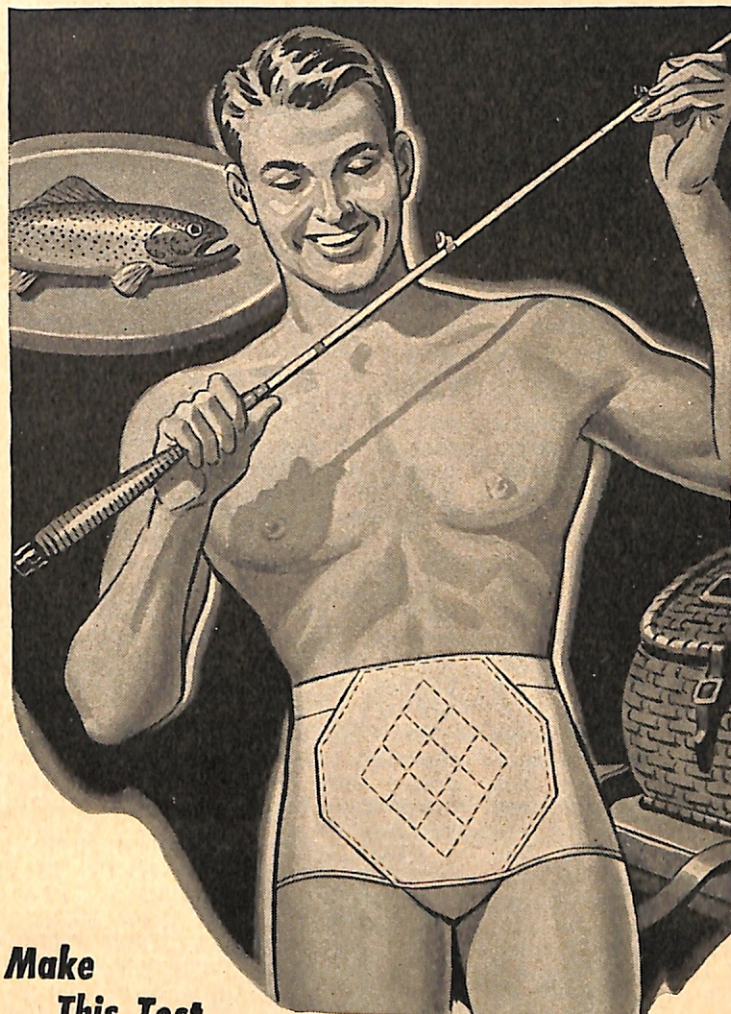
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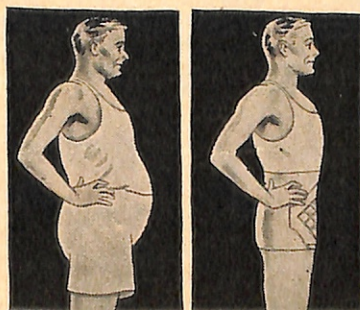
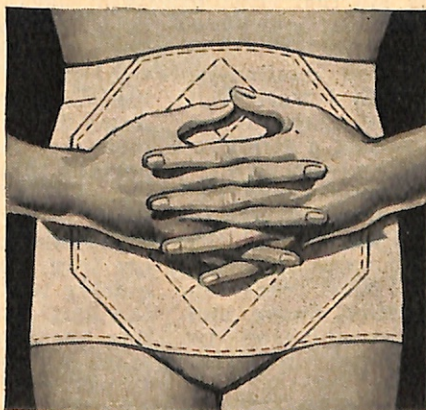


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they've said that for years." The stewardess call light blinked. Vic sniffed and grabbed the mike.

"Give us take-off power, boy! She says the baby's coming any minute!" Vic then called back to the stewardess in the cabin, "Junior, you tell Honey to stall that stork off for twenty minutes!" The roar of the air past the windshields increased to a deafening scream as the airspeed indicator crept past 300 mph. Hastily Vic penciled in several lines on the chart, then shouted to the co-pilot.

"Now listen, boy! We'll start letting down as soon as we pass Philadelphia, we'll cross LaGuardia range station at fifteen hundred and slow her down to about 160 during the next eighteen miles until we get the light over the Port Chester fan marker on the northeast leg of the La Guardia range. Then we'll let down until we get contact and locate this property." The captain held the chart for his co-pilot to see the penciled marks locating the Evans property.

"Boy!" Vic sniffed, "I know that country like the palm of my hand. There's nothing higher than three hundred feet. We won't be taking any chances but I'm telling you it's sure going to look bad for a big pot like this to be bending around over the bushes under a 200-foot overcast." As he shouted these comments the captain carefully checked his radio altimeter.

"They'll fire me sure for this, but I've been meaning to quit flying ever since the war anyway. I'm getting too old for all these chicken-feather regulations. If Honey can save the baby I'm going to save the inheritance."

The gray void gradually became darker as the big ship approached the ground. The Port Chester marker beacon flashed imperatively on the instrument panel. Smoothly Vic reduced power and nosed the huge airliner down through the dense vapor. Steadily the altimeter unwound—800, 600, 400 feet. Vic sniffed and adjusted his seat.

"Boy! Never try this unless you're having a baby and have another job lined up." Vic's eyes were glued to the radio altimeter. "We aren't taking any chances—if we don't break contact in the next hundred feet we got to pull out of here. Give me half-flaps!" The big ship slowed down perceptibly. Suddenly the gray beneath became dark green. Ragged wisps of fog flicked past the windshield. In a flash the huge airliner broke out of the low overcast, a bare hundred feet over the rolling Connecticut countryside. Instantly Vic banked the ship into a steep turn. A

moment later through the drizzle he caught sight of a double-lane highway, its wet surface shining. Leveling the 200-foot wing, he followed the highway for a few seconds until the concrete face of a dam loomed up in the murk ahead. Vic banked sharply. The wing tip flashed over a lake and across a farm with scattered out-buildings, orderly rows of an orchard, cold flames, house and barns.

"Grandpa Evans, we are here!" Vic banked steeply toward the parkway. Already five or six early motorists had pulled up to witness what they reasonably supposed was an imminent disaster. During following circuits of the property Vic double-checked the identity of the landmarks of the Evans estate and shouted to the co-pilot to confirm the fact to Honey on the cabin interphone.

Minutes dragged. Vic became tense. During each circuit, when the huge airliner swept along the parkway, the pilots could see an increasing number of cars stopping to watch their maneuvers.

"Look, boy! They think we're going to pile up!" The captain pinioned the lower wing tip on a white sedan which was pulled off the parkway. Two men were working feverishly to assemble a tripod camera on the roof. Several figures from other cars were running into the open.

"Ha! . . . Gentlemen of the press . . . Newsreels! . . . Perfect evidence for the Senator's case to prove that Kilroy was here—right square over the Evans land!"

The interphone light blinked. Vic flicked his phone switch to "listen".

"Holy Herefords! . . . Everything happens sooner or later on airplanes!" The captain quickly leveled the wing, pushed the throttles forward, and started a rapid climb into the overcast. His startled co-pilot followed through automatically with the proper control settings.

"Boy!" Vic shouted exultantly, "Crank up LaGuardia tower. Tell 'em it's a boy! I say again—it's a boy!—and we're making a straight-in approach on runway twenty-two!" Vic sniffed and intently tuned the radios, feeling his way unerringly back to LaGuardia Field through the complex radio beam network of the New York area. "Now crank up WCBS on the direction finder, and let's get this space-machine on the ground quick before we run out of gas or have twins!"

The press coverage at the airport exceeded anything seen since Eisenhower's return from Victory in Europe. The fantastic developments aboard the *Mercury* during the race

with the stork over five states had captured the imagination of the nation's press. In spite of the penetrating drizzle from the 200-foot overcast, wire service photographers, newsreels, a special-events commentator for a radio network and several hundred spectators crowded the ramp eagerly waiting to see the principals in this latest drama of the airways.

Photobulbs flashed. A spontaneous shout rose from the crowd. A stewardess in a white blouse, sleeves rolled high, a lock of golden hair drooping unheeded over one eye, stepped gingerly from the cabin; the girl's whole attention was fixed on the small blanket-wrapped figure in her arms.

Up forward the cockpit window slid open. Vic's leathery face broke into a wide grin as he leaned out to watch his unlisted passenger meet the press. Two men made their way through the crowd and walked rapidly under the big wing toward the nose. Vic recognized the chief pilot and the regional Civil Aeronautics Inspector.

"Hi, boys!" Vic shouted down to the unsmiling pair on the ramp below. "With beef at 70c a pound I can't afford to drive these airplanes any longer." The veteran captain removed his gloves, hung up his headphones, sniffed and added, "You can't fire me . . . I quit!"

In Chicago, Matt picked up a morning paper and walked into the coffee shop for breakfast. His jaw dropped as he read the four column head—

AIRLINE STEWARDESS OUTWITS STORK AS HEIR IS BORN ALOFT. VETERAN PILOT FIRED FOR LOW FLYING IN EPIC FLIGHT TO SAVE BABY'S INHERITANCE

Beneath the headline was a picture of a spectacular blonde holding a baby. Matt quickly scanned the news story. "We had to overlook some of the book rules to save the baby and his inheritance," Honey Childs, ex-Army flight nurse explained to newsmen. . . . "After all—the most important thing in life is a home and babies— isn't that right? . . ." Matt read no further. A widening smile replaced the amazed expression on his lean, sunburned face. Stepping quickly to a phone, the pilot dialed the long-distance operator. Controlling the happiness in his voice as much as possible he said, "I want to put in a person-to-person call to New York . . . Yes, this is Captain Mathews . . . what. . . . New York calling me?" Matt shouted with a laugh, "O. K. sweetheart, put her on. . . . Put her right on here!"

This stands for honorable.



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MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING—

(OR IS IT?)

BY GROUCHO MARX



WHAT do you want to save up a lot of money for? You'll never need the stuff.

Why, just think of all the wonderful, wonderful things you can do *without* money. Things like—well, things like—

On second thought, you'd better keep on saving, chum. Otherwise you're licked.

For instance, how are you ever going to build that Little Dream House, without a trunk full of moolah? You think the carpenters are going to work free? Or the plumbers? Or the architects? Not those lads. They've been around. They're no dopes.

And how are you going to send that kid of yours to college, without the folding stuff? Maybe you



think he can work his way through by playing the flute. If so, you're crazy. (Only three students have ever worked their way through college by playing the flute. And they had to stop eating for four years.)

And how are you going to do that world-traveling you've always wanted to do? Maybe you think you can stoke your way across, or scrub decks. Well, that's no good. I've tried it. It interferes with ship-

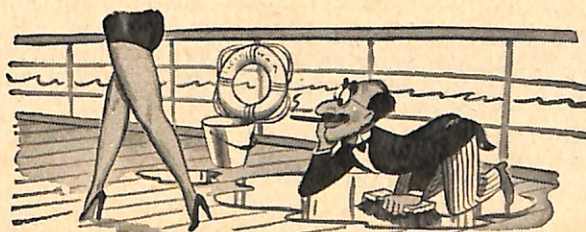
board romances.

So—all seriousness aside—you'd better keep on saving, pal.



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Gadget & Gimmick Department

BY W. C. BIXBY



A FRIEND of mine went into a superlative gadget shop on Madison Avenue in New York and asked the sales girl if he might see one of the latest razors displayed in the window. She got it.

"What makes this razor better than any other one?" my friend asked.

"Well, it just is," remarked the sales girl brightly. "It gives a cleaner, more lasting shave."

"Cleaner and more lasting than what?" asked my friend.

"Why, than any other razor," answered the girl, fully on her toes by this time.

"But it doesn't say that," complained my friend. "It could mean cleaner and more lasting than a broken bottle."

The manager hurried up. "What's the trouble?" he asked impatiently.

"Nothing," said my friend. "I just wanted to know why this razor is better than any other."

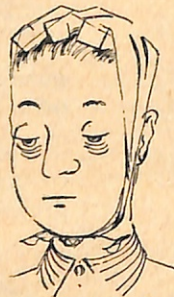
"It isn't," retorted the manager. "It's just another razor." He waved his arms wildly about. "There are hundreds of razors and this is just one of them. If you like it, buy it. If you don't like it, then buy some other kind."

"Oh," said my friend, and he left the store.

That just goes to show you. A few lines farther along you'll find another one of those razors.

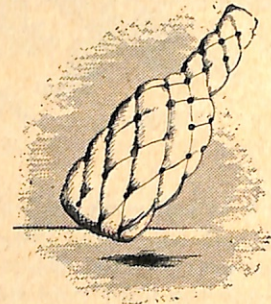
NOW it's a razor with a variable pitch blade. First it was airplane propellers with variable pitch blades; now it's razors. The razor comes in a chrome-plated aluminum head with a plastic body which can

be obtained in different colors. To determine the pitch at which you want to shave you simply adjust the "scientifically" designed knob (the "scientifically" means "with numbers on it", I believe). This adjustment gives you either a close, medium or light shave. The old-fashioned way of getting a close, medium or light shave is out. In the old days it all depended on how close you stood to the razor. In addition to all these things, there is a "secret" vault. The secret vault holds six blades. It is not stated whether they tell you where the secret vault is located or whether you have to discover it for yourself. It would be fun finding it on your own though, so why not try it that way?



DO THE dregs of your drinks consist mainly of water? If you have been foolish enough to let your highball sit for any length of time, then it is a safe bet that most of the dregs are water. But no longer is that necessary. A gadgeteer has solved the problem of how to keep a drink cool without diluting it with melted ice water. It's simple. You take these plastic containers just the size of an ice cube, fill them with water and let them freeze with the water all sealed in. Then pop the whole thing into a highball glass. Huzzah! The coolness is obtained by the melting ice but the water from the melted ice is kept from the surrounding ambrosia by the plastic container. Neat, isn't it? The small containers can be used over and over again. They are odorless, colorless and tasteless and they certainly sound useful to me.

SOMEONE once figured out how many miles of short pencils were thrown away because they were too short. It was some fantastic figure, as I recall it. Something like three times from the earth to the moon every year. Something odd like that. But those days can be gone now, too. They have developed a renewable pencil. You can buy these wooden sections which can be joined by means of a dowel joint on the end of each section. The dowel joint is already glue-coated, so just moisten the end of it and stick the sections together. This innovation will accomplish two things: it will save money and will make it unnecessary to have all those short-length pencil stubs around the house, which no one has courage enough to throw away. This is all to the good and, in addition, it might be added that there is an eraser of the slip-on variety to fit over the hexagonal-shaped sections.



IF YOUR business calls you to various dry areas in the United States, undoubtedly you take a carefully wrapped bottle of bonded stuff to tide you over the dry spell. But all sorts of things can happen to the fluid when it travels inconspicuously in the suitcase. It might even be broken, heaven forbid. The loss of the bottle is terrible, but the resulting odor in the suitcase, not to mention visible drippage, is truly embarrassing. These travel hazards can be overcome neatly by utilizing the new padded bags to store the bottles in. Aside from preventing breakage, they absorb accidental leakage and keep the inside of your suitcase from smelling like a bar.



THERE is always something amusing about a large, heavy-set woman trundling along the street, being pulled by a small Pekingese dog. The scene becomes even slightly hilarious when the woman's feet become entangled in the lengthy leash she uses to keep the animal in the near vicinity. But when you yourself become entangled in a leash while walking your dog, the matter is not amusing at all. With a new leash of adjustable length you can do away with dog entanglement. The leash is of stainless steel. Press the button on the reel and it unwinds to desired length. Release the button and the leash locks instantly. When you take the dog in and unsnap the leash, it retracts into the case by spring action. The reel itself is small enough to be carried conveniently in pocket or purse.



THIS next thought is directed to all those millions of 16mm. movie-camera fans who are seen whirring their machines, vainly trying to get the horse race recorded for their children to see. This item is a film splicer for such fans. It seems that in order to make a production of a film, you have to cut and splice it endlessly. This is an electric film splicer which claims to splice film in fifteen seconds or less. It butt-welds and trims the film, then stops automatically when the film is spliced and finished. It should make for more accurate splicing and a smoother finished production of your home movies. It's mounted on an aluminum base with steel fittings, weighs five pounds, measures 9 x 5½ x 4 inches, operates on 110-volt 60-cycle a.c., and has a self-compensator for line fluctuations. So there!

DO ALL the birds, deer, bison and bear you bag on a hunting trip make homeward travel difficult? If so, you will find help coming your way in the form of a new game carrier. No longer need you be weighed down by a cumbersome shooting coat. Worn in harness or ruck-sack fashion, this adjustable carrier has two shell pouches, a rubber-lined game pouch and two metal, non-rusting game loops to boot. The whole shebang is perfectly balanced and can fit any size hunter wearing any amount of clothing. The harness does not bind; it leaves the hunter free to swing about and shoot. That advantage makes the thing almost a must, doesn't it?



HERE is an item which will save hours and muscles for the gardener in the family. It is a new insecticide which is spewed about by a new insecticide gun. The insecticide is effective against twenty-seven of the most common garden pests and plant diseases. The gun, which is modestly described as being the "Big Bertha" of the insecticide dispensers, has a devilishly-contrived nozzle which gets under the leaves. It seems most bugs love to hide under the leaves and this sprayer will rout them out. Among the poor little insects that will be affected by the spray may be found the Green Peach Aphid, the Stink Bug, the Tarnished Plant Bug, the Cabbage Looper and the Gladiolus Thrip, to name only a few of them. There are many other bugs and lots of plant diseases that will be mighty sorry to hear of this garden gimmick.

HERE'S one for the weary motorist. If, while on a long stretch of lonesome road, one or more of your tires goes depressingly flat, you need sweat no more. A small 10-ounce cylinder of carbon dioxide is being marketed which can inflate as many as three tires with its 10-ounce puff. The empty cylinders can be traded in to Ford dealers for fresh full ones. Since it is no longer fashionable to make a new gadget which has a single use, there is an additional application for these cylinders. They can be used to extinguish fires which may break out at various points on your old car. If you have fires and flat tires you'd better have at least two of these things.

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THIS has been a long time coming, but you can credit the delay to a Faust quality of patience that has long caused his friends to marvel—or do they? Sometimes I have my doubts. In fact, I know precisely what the Editor of this Magazine is going to think after he reads this. What he'll say, I don't know. It might leave him speechless. But to get into the business of what is coming, it's this: a growing grievance against the misstatements and exaggerations of certain of the anti-vivisectionists. Now let's get this straight before we go any further. I am and always have been in the position of wanting to be convinced that vivisection is a bad thing. But the antis haven't yet submitted enough evidence to prove their point to my satisfaction. Yes, I know that there have been examples of extreme cruelty practiced, but not by accredited scientists.

I have before me on my desk a booklet issued by the anti-vivisection society of an eastern State, dealing with the subject of rabies and bitterly attacking the matter of anti-rabies inoculation. It is called "Rabies and What You Can Do About It". He says, "I might cite my own experience in the treatment of persons bitten by dogs supposed to be mad, which has furnished not a single case of the developed disease in thirty years. And I have probably seen more cases of so-called hydrophobia than any other medical man." When he made this statement, he furnished no proof of anything other than his own experiences. Certainly when stacked against the opinion of world-accredited scientists, Pasteur among them, I would prefer Pasteur's thinking. Incidentally, in the New York Sunday News of May 19th, last year, Dr. Karl Habel of the National Health Institute, Washington, D. C.,

is said to have declared that although rabies vaccinations can cause death to a human being, the chances are slight, while the immeasurable protection such vaccination affords has saved thousands of lives of persons who have been bitten. Moving on to page two of our booklet we find a foreword that takes us back to the beginning of the so-called rabies scares. It seems that back in the Fifteenth Century a French peasant one day began barking like a dog and foaming at the mouth after being "nicked" in the frenzied rushings of a dog when (according to this fable) the animal had nothing more or less the matter with him than a bad case of worms. This foreword presents no documentary evidence, mentions no names, cites no authority. The Frenchman died but the dog recovered. On page three of the booklet we see one "Ashmont", a dog writer, not a scientific man, stating that he believes that rabies, which is rare in human beings, is equally rare among dogs. Well, no one disputes this. Why it is in the booklet is, of course, because he is a dog writer but that's well way from being an authority on diseases—even rabies. Our "Ashmont" further adds that "nearly all, if not all, cases of hydrophobia in man are the products of imagination".

"Ashmont", an Englishman, fails to state that the basic reason for England's exercising a six-month quarantine period for imported dogs is the fear of rabies. It is further alleged by the same writer that in "many countries where dogs are notoriously numerous, not a single case of the disease has ever been heard of". He fails to mention even one country. On page five we find a Dr. William Brady saying, "There is nothing scientific about the diagnosis of rabies in animals." He states that

the finding of rabies germs in the brain of a dog alleged to be mad is simply a matter of the personal opinion of the pathologist who makes the examination. The booklet fails to identify Dr. Brady or tell anything about him that would invest his statement with authority or would indicate that he is an authority on the subject at all.

Next we find, under the heading, "What Animals Carry Rabies?": "It should be noted here that while the dog is accused of being the major factor in rabies . . . other animals too are supposed to be victims of the disease." Hitched to this is an expression of wonder about the scientific exactness in the classification which lumps into one group, animals of such varying HABITS (the caps are mine) as dogs and cows, squirrels, etc. What the animals' habits have to do with it sends me into a spell of wondering, because rabies can be contracted by any warm-blooded animal including man, and this is not by the mere say-so of Faust. And it doesn't make any difference what the animal's habits are, whether he is a banker or a lady horse.

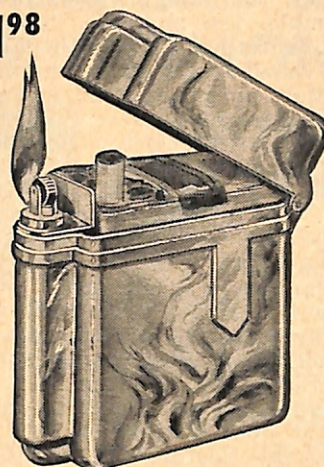
Under the title, "How Does a Rabies Scare Start?"—well, here it is and take it away: "A veterinary needing more money than he found coming in luckily had the door to

riches thrown wide open before him. A friend of his told another friend that someone else saw a mad dog coming over the hills from the next county. The vet hid himself to the State Capitol, saw the State Board of Health officer, who immediately, and without looking up the case, ordered a quarantine of all dogs in the county. We learn further that all dog owners were informed that they could have their dogs vaccinated for \$2." Go back and reread this. Note that the vet's name isn't given. The county isn't named. The name of the State isn't given. The name of the man who was supposed to have told the vet that someone who knew a friend of his who saw a mad dog isn't mentioned. Nor is anything printed in comment of the marvelous eyesight of anyone who, in open country, could detect a county line and would know whether or not a dog was leaving one county to enter another "over the hills" (or under them). I'll add that any vet who reads this will snicker at the idea of riches' being his portion, or that of any other vet. It can be made a good profession affording a good living, but, boys and girls, that ain't exactly riches.

In the next entertaining chapter, "Who Benefits from Rabies Scares?", I read this: "Obviously, as we have illustrated in the simple example just

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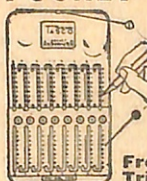
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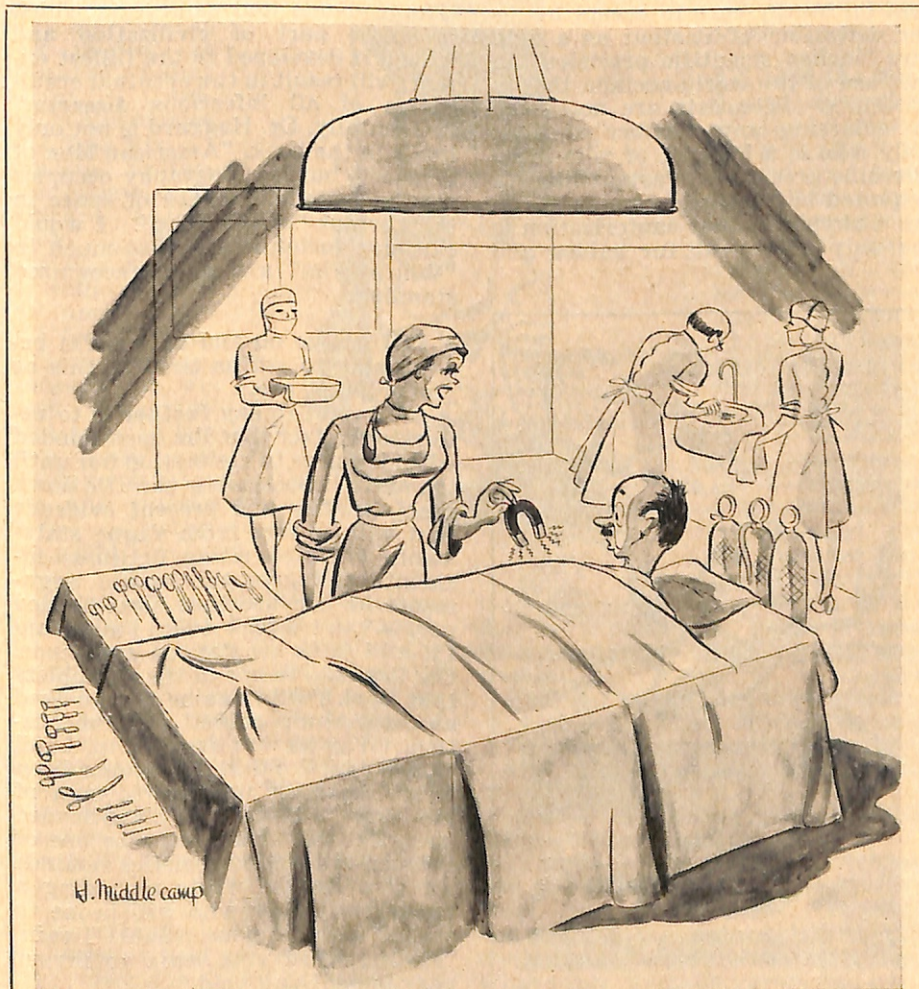
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recounted, the veterinarian benefits" (Brother, the example you cited is too simple, too simple!) "through selling injections of so-called anti-rabies vaccine. Secondly, the medical doctors in the community benefit. And thirdly, of course, the serum manufacturers benefit." Of course the vet benefits. Of course the doctor gets a fee for injecting a bitten person. The manufacturers also benefit. What's wrong with this? Nothing. But there's something wrong in the intention of the statement which is that it lumps all vets, all medical doctors and manufacturers of serum together as wolves preying on the public. That is absurd to the point of being shameful, indicting as it does a class of men and women—the doctors—whose standard of ethics is perhaps higher than any in our social structure. I've had dealings with plenty of medics in my time. In them I have known some of the most self-sacrificing, conscientious people who've ever lived. I've known fine vets and many manufacturers whose principles were of the highest. I needn't give examples. You've very likely had experiences with one or all three of these groups that point up the folly of such accusations as the booklet makes.

WE READ on to find, "As a matter of actual figures, an item from a certain Midwestern rural town says the county footed a 'rabies outbreak' bill of \$4,410.70 for the year. The item says there was one fatality from rabies infection."

Again, the name of the town is omitted. If a reporter gave his city editor a story as vague as this he might not get fired, but he'd get a heck of a laying-out. Note the inconsistency—in the early pages of that priceless document it seeks to



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.

prove that there is no such thing as rabies, while now it offers the above example which states that there was one death from rabies. Then there's this on page 9: "Generally the people themselves pay for Pasteur treatments—unless they are paupers and seek it at public expense. The physicians in the vicinity generally charge \$50." He fails to name the vicinity. Now we come to one that really is a honey. Listen: "Louis Pasteur, with his customary lack of scientific precision, assumed that since tetanic convulsions accompanied the disease (hydrophobia), the so-called germ must exist in the spinal cord." That was probably written by someone who wouldn't think of drinking unpasteurized milk. And I'd hardly care to accept his or her definition of Pasteur as a man who "lacked scientific precision" in the face of the world-acclaim that is Pasteur's. Scientists are not given to endorsing any member of their body who is a bungler or who lacks scientific precision. Pasteur himself is quoted in this little gem as advising a physician that cauterization is the only treatment for rabies and

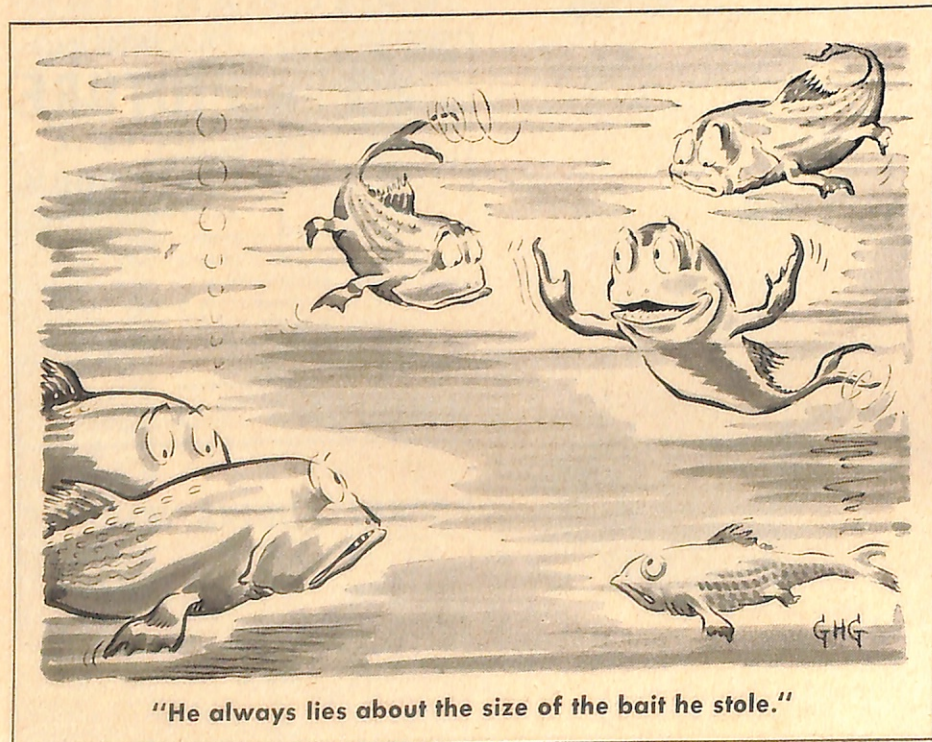
that anything else is useless. However, our little booklet fails to point out that this was long before Pasteur perfected his treatment. A Dr. J. W. Hodge is named as an authority who pronounces the Pasteur treatment a humbug. Well, I've heard of Pasteur but, so help me, I've never heard of Hodge and I wouldn't know on what subject he's an authority because the booklet doesn't say. Nor could I find him listed in any medical biographical reference book.

Here is what Dr. Howard W. Haggard, author, educator of Yale University, has to say about Pasteur in his book "Devils, Drugs and Doctors". "Pasteur, by the painstaking application of principles of science, laid the foundation for the preventive medicine and sanitation which are now part of civilization and which, if developed to the fullest extent, will result in the eventual eradication of all infectious diseases." Incidentally, Dr. Haggard is not only listed in the book, "American Men of Science", but his biography occupies two and one-half inches of space in the current "Who's Who". I would call any doctor rating that much in "Who's Who" a man of recognized standing.

I COULD go on and on but I'm beginning to get as tired of this as you probably are.

All I want to say further is to reiterate the fact that I'm open-minded when it comes to vivisection but until the anti-vivisectionists throttle down their fanatics and present evidence that will be free from vague statement, will stop citing fictitious incidents and give this writer arguments he can use that clear-headed people can't knock over, I'm afraid I'll still have to stay on the fence. Oh, I've read in one of the pamphlets that Mark Twain's name was invoked as condemning animal experimentation. Why he was dragged in, I fail to see—good old Mark having been about the most unscientific man of his time, although a clear-headed one. The use of his name by one of the anti-vivisection societies reminds me of a line he wrote regarding a bumptious fellow who was prone to argue with anyone. Said Twain, "Mister, when you begin to invent your facts, I quit cold."

I wish some of the anti-vivisectionists were less inventive.



"He always lies about the size of the bait he stole."

Mr. Morgan's Horse

(Continued from page 19)

Morgan traits survive. It is probably the most extraordinary case of prepotency recorded.

Thus the story of Justin Morgan remains unfinished. It is a saga, a serial. It is one of those series of family chronicles in which the founder keeps cropping up time after time.

IF YOU swiftly flipped the pages of such a history, illustrated, you would catch glimpses of pictures of horses—Morgans all—such pictures as these:

A trotting race being won by the beautiful Black Hawk, grandson of Justin—he never was beaten. . . . A Morgan pulling the doctor's buggy through a snowstorm, never looking back but always facing the blast. . . . A Civil War charge by that fine regiment the 1st Vermont Cavalry, its mounts all Morgans. . . . Rienzi, a Morgan horse, carrying General Phil Sheridan to save the day "from Winchester twenty miles away" . . . Morgan hauling Concord wagons in the westward march of empire. . . . Morgans as cow ponies; as mounted police horses. . . . Acting in the movies with Tom Mix. . . . Imported by foreign countries to improve native stock. . . . Winning blue ribbons in county fairs and horse-shows and firsts in endurance rides. . . . Morgans, as always, doing the hard work of the farm when you couldn't get gasoline and tractor parts—or when you could.

Yet, though Morgans had made their mark as one of the great breeds of American horses, toward the turn of the century the line was in danger of being lost. Justin Morgan and his "curious colts" were close to becoming a tradition and a legend, for the Morgan blood had been considerably diluted or scattered. Then, in 1907, Col. Joseph Battell established an American Morgan Horse register and gave a 400-acre farm at Weybridge, Vt., to the U. S. Department of Agriculture. There the best Morgan blood in the country was assembled for conservation and perpetuation. The farm continues today in successful operation, with many calls for registered stallions and numerous visitors

and inquiries.

And there stands a bronze, life-size statue of Justin Morgan, the gift of the Morgan Horse Club in 1921. Song and story increasingly celebrate him and his line. Plaques and markers have sprouted in the New England towns which knew the sire of all the Morgans during his earthly career. West Springfield, Mass., proclaims: "Here lived Justin Morgan (the man). Born in West Springfield, 1747—died in Randolph, Vt., 1798. From this farm came the stallion, Justin Morgan, progenitor of that famous breed known as Morgan horses." The same town boasts itself "the birthplace of the biggest little horse in the world". Woodstock, Vt., announces: "On this site Justin Morgan, the Progenitor of the famous Morgan breed of horses, was kept in 1800-01 by Sheriff William Rice, his second owner." Chelsea, Vt., declares: "Near this spot lies the famous stallion, Justin Morgan. Foaled 1789—Died 1821." Still more such tributes may be expected. "Seven Cities warred for Homer being dead". . . .



IN 1939 the General Assembly of the Vermont Legislature passed a joint resolution in special observance of the 150th anniversary of the birth of the horse, Justin Morgan. The State of Iowa, demonstrating that the occasion could not be confined to New England, commemorated it with a horse-show. But it remained for the Vermont Senate to signalize it

most memorably by printing in its *Journal* a history of Justin Morgan with this proud and sprightly conclusion:

Vermont is famous for men, women, maple sugar and Morgan horses. The first are strong, the latter fleet, The second and third are exceedingly sweet, And all are uncommonly hard to beat.

Fame in full measure has come at last to Justin Morgan, "the greatest little horse in the world". Yet print and plaudits are as nothing to the unique immortality which is his. What other mortal creature has ever had, after a century and a half, so many living images? Okay—Adam.

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 13)

occur. According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, hunting accidents fall mainly into three classes, which, in order of importance, are:

1. Self-inflicted wounds.
2. Accidental shooting by a companion.
3. Shooting by hunters in another party.

Metropolitan lists contributing factors as: guns accidentally discharged when the hunter slipped or fell, when he was climbing over a fence, climbing a tree or crawling through underbrush, or when he was placing hunting equipment in a vehicle. Excitement and over-eagerness were often contributing factors in the shooting of hunters by their companions and other hunters. In some instances the person killed was mistaken for game; occasionally, the victim stepped into the line of fire.

This would indicate that nearly all accidents result from carelessness. Of the three classes, we can assume that all self-inflicted wounds result from unsafe gun handling. You just can't shoot yourself accidentally if you handle your gun the way you should. In the other two classifications, the overwhelming majority of accidents results from lack of proper caution, usually on the part of the shooter, but sometimes by the man who is shot. Occasionally, a bullet intended for game ricochets and strikes a hunter who was not in the line of fire, and an accident such as this could be considered almost unavoidable, since the victim might be half a mile away and completely hidden from view by an intervening hill.

The National Safety Council's tabulation of the ages in gun accidents (1944) sheds further light on the case, although the figures can't be taken too literally because there are many more hunters of the active ages from 15 to 35 than there are older men. The largest number of casualties, 760, were between 15 and 24 years old; the next 525, were between five and 14; 397 were in the 25-to-34 age group. Above 35 the figures fell off rapidly, with 258 in the 35-44 group, and 191 from 45 to 54.

These figures might make it appear that the best thing to do would be to prevent anyone under 21 from obtaining a hunting license, but we must remember that the figures are for all gun accidents, and of the number of children under 14 who are killed by firearms very few can be charged to hunting. Few, if any, states allow juveniles younger than this to hunt. Most of their deaths probably could be attributed to accidents in the home involving either an adult or another child.

If carelessness is responsible for most hunting accidents, then the way to reduce them is to reduce carelessness. There are two ways to approach the problem: legislation and

education. Some advocates of the former believe that applicants for a hunting license should be required to pass an examination.

At first thought this seems as logical as an exam for an automobile license. The hitch is that it would be next to impossible to tell whether a man who might know all the rules would become so excited in the woods that he would forget them and fire at the first movement in the brush.

One place where more stringent laws are needed in many states is covering cases of carelessness in which a hunter shoots at a movement in the brush or mistakes another nimrod for a deer.

In New York last Fall, according to the papers, two deer hunters had their camp in hunting territory. Early in the morning one of them stepped outside the tent to hang the dishrag on a bush. A distant rifleman saw the flash of white and killed him. In a few minutes his companion went outside to see what was wrong. The same moron clipped victim No. 2 in the leg.

In Maine, last fall, 18 hunters, 12 wearing red, were shot for deer. One was mistaken for a fox and killed. Two others were shot for grouse.

There just is no alibi for such shootings, and the penalty for them should be stiff enough to make even the most thick-skulled afraid to shoot without being sure of his target.

On the other hand, six Maine hunters were wounded by companions who were loading or unloading their rifles. Legislation wouldn't help much here, and it obviously wouldn't be the whole answer to the mistaken-identity type of accident either, any more than it can prevent automobile wrecks. You can't outlaw fools.

Probably the most good can be accomplished through education, as indicated by the following note from my friend Dick d'Easum, of the Idaho Department of Fish and Game:

"Idaho did better last year. As far as we know there were seven fatal firearms accidents in 1946. A year ago there were at least 12 deaths and possibly one or two more. The number of hunters increased 25 per cent last year over 1945.

"We carried on a 'Don't Shoot 'Til You're Sure' campaign with posters and publicity last Fall."

Idaho is not alone in this experience. Six other states, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, started educational safety campaigns in 1940 and carried them through 1945, the last year for which complete figures are available.

In the six states a total of 2,631,672 hunters bought licenses in 1940. There were 170 fatal accidents. In 1945 the number of hunters had climbed to 2,829,623, but the total of hunting deaths decreased to 140.

Just what is the best way to go about educating hunters not to go around popping each other off promiscuously? The seven states mentioned relied chiefly on posters along roads in hunting areas, and on newspaper publicity. That is about as far as a state game commission can be expected to go, but a much better job can be done by the sportsmen themselves through their clubs and individually. If each older shooter took it upon himself to coach one budding hunter in the principles of safe gun-handling, the accident toll would drop quickly.

It doesn't do any good to keep guns from a boy until he is 18 and then turn him loose with one. He won't be nearly as safe as a younger lad who realizes the danger inherent in a rifle or shotgun and has been taught how to use it safely.

There are a number of aids for this training. The National Rifle Association, 1600 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington 6, D. C., has several, including an excellent 16mm. Kodachrome movie on safe gun-handling.

The Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute has printed and distributed thousands of pamphlets giving the "Ten Commandments of safety". Here they are:

1. Treat every gun with the respect due a loaded gun. This is the cardinal rule of gun safety.
2. Carry only empty guns, taken down or with the action open, into your automobile, camp or home.
3. Always be sure that the barrel and action are clear of obstructions.
4. Always carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle, even if you stumble.
5. Be sure of your target before you pull the trigger.
6. Never point a gun at anything you do not intend to shoot.
7. Never leave your gun unattended unless you unload it first.
8. Never climb a tree or a fence while carrying a loaded gun.
9. Never shoot at a flat, hard surface or the surface of water.
10. Do not mix gunpowder and alcohol.

Illustrated folders of the "Ten Commandments of Safety", and other educational aids, including a 16mm. Kodachrome movie, "The Making of a Shooter," can be obtained from the Sportsmen's Service Bureau, 343 Lexington Ave., New York 16.

It all sums up to the fact that hunting will be just as dangerous—or as safe—as we hunters make it. If we develop safe gun-handling habits and encourage young hunters to form them, then we will have gone a long way toward eliminating accidents.

Safety is largely a matter of habit. Just as you look both ways before crossing a street, without doing so consciously, so a careful hunter looks twice to make sure his gun is unloaded before putting it into his car.

If you train yourself and your boy in safe gun habits, both of you eventually will do the right, and safe, thing automatically, even though you're thinking of something else.

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What Am I Bid?

(Continued from page 11)

The most important auction house in America are the Parke-Bernet Galleries, with Samuel Freeman in Philadelphia competing heavily for the really important estates. During the 1945-46 season, Parke-Bernet sold, in 98 sales from September to June, \$6,684,045 worth of merchandise. Their jewelry sales alone brought over a million dollars. Mrs. Harrison Williams, Marion Davies, the late Mortimer Schiff are a few of the prominent names who disposed of their silver, porcelains and furniture under the hammer.

Rembrandt's *A Pilgrim At Prayer* brought \$75,000; the original manuscript of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* went for just \$50,000, while two diamond bracelets sold for \$34,000 and \$32,000. A Queen Anne secretary fetched \$4,000.

The above listing gives you a general idea of the quality of goods they handle. Their exhibition and sales are "musts" on the lists of the fashionable, artistic and intellectual sets in New York.

THE next four auction houses in importance in New York are The Plaza Art, Kende, Coleman and Silo's. All are reliable and most trustworthy. The Plaza Art Galleries have sold the estates of Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., Warren Delano, Charles F. McCann, John Wanamaker, Jr., Emma Calvé, Ben Ali Haggin and Mrs. Herbert Shipman. In two hours, while selling the Thomas Fortune Ryan estate, they disposed of \$163,000 worth of furniture. Recently, they sold a silk Oriental rug for \$9,000 and a fifteen-carat diamond for \$42,000.

Kende, located in Gimbel's department store, has an occasional "name" sale. Silo's, the oldest firm of auctioneers in New York, is operated by the Widow Silo, a brilliant, middle-aged woman. The firm of Tobias Fisher, on West 45th Street, does more outright buying of estates than other auction houses and is the favorite hunting-ground of newlyweds with limited funds.

Washington, Boston, New Orleans, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco and Beverly Hills are active auction cities with frequent sales. Washington has some exciting auction sales as many Government officials and diplomats gather from all over the world to dispose of possessions, either on retirement or when they face transfers. Beverly Hills and Dallas get the most outlandishly fancy prices. All that is necessary in Beverly Hills is to attach some movie star's name to the advertising and they practically have to call out the mounted police to keep away the tourists and curious fans. When the late Lupe Velez's home was auctioned

last year, a faded bathmat she had used fetched \$25, and an old hot-water bag went for \$6.00.

Standup sales of odds and ends, broken furniture, chipped vases, etc., is where the handy person can really get a bargain. Anyone clever in manual training, painting or furniture-recovering can turn these into very usable and decorative furnishings.

THE Flea Market, on Third Avenue in New York (where Helen Hayes, Mary Martin and many famous stage and screen stars buy their quaint rococo and Victorian things) does fabulous work with old horrors by bleaching, repainting and converting. Old gilt frames, for example, are turned into coffee-table tops.

The country auctions which are held all over rural America give the buyer a chance to bid on anything from livestock and a plow to an old coffee mill or a pick and shovel. Here the antique-collector and dealer often pick up fine old American antiques covered with many layers of flat paint and varnish.

In New York the avid auction-goers include many first-string personalities. Among those I've seen at auction houses include Gypsy Rose Lee, Ganna Walska, Greta Garbo, Billy Rose, Hattie Carnegie, Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Lynn Fontanne, Jack Astor, the late Grace Moore, Jerome Zerbe, Gene Cavallero (the owner of the Colony Restaurant) and Mrs. Byron Foy.

Everyone dreams of paying \$5 for something worth \$5,000—but it seldom happens. I once picked up some Currier and Ives at Silo's for \$1 apiece and later sold them to a picture dealer two blocks away for \$15 each. This is better than playing the ponies.

Recently, a man paid \$35 for a Boudin painting which he cleaned and sold to another dealer for \$1,300. Another old gentleman of 75 years or more, destitute and ready to be evicted from his coldwater flat,

brought in five paintings, *The Life of George Washington*. At best, he expected to get a few dollars. It turned out, however, that they were collectors' items. He netted \$6,000, which probably took care of him for the rest of his life.

Another time, a woman bought a desk for \$25.00. On getting it home, she discovered a secret inner drawer which contained nearly \$10,000 in cash and over \$15,000 worth of jewelry. The desk and contents were hers.

Most people don't report their lucky finds for fear they'll have to return them. A dealer recently bought a small threadbare rug for \$12. It was in such bad condition that most people wouldn't have used it for a dog's bed. He discovered that it was signed and sold it for \$1,500 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Sometimes, old trunks bought with contents intact contain rose-point and other rare laces. It's all a question of luck.

DON'T believe that in reputable houses the auctioneers favor the dealer. Often the bids seem to come from nowhere. Many times these are the bids of persons who have left them with the attendants. Dealers who are known to the auctioneer have eccentric ways to make known their bids: a touch on the ear or the act of taking off their glasses will often do the trick. Auctioneers are not interested in giving the dealers something for nothing; they get a percentage of what the article brings.

If you pay a few more dollars than a dealer does, don't worry—the dealer would sell the same article for twice what you paid.

The auctioneer doesn't have it easy. Some unscrupulous buyers steal one of a dozen cups or one silver spoon to make the set incomplete and cheaper. The public often misbehaves, too. The ladies and old rug dealers talk too much, or don't pay attention to the bids. Some women, thinking they made the last bid, stop bidding. Then when they find that the article doesn't belong to them, they shout "foul" and want the object put up again.

If you do buy, remember to get your purchases out within a week. The auction room isn't a storage-place and the space there is needed for the next display.

Yes, going to an auction is a thrilling and nerve-racking pastime. If you haven't tried it yet, why don't you? Watch the papers and pick out one to attend on Saturday or your day off, but be careful that the auction fever doesn't get you. Once, a friend of mine went to one for the first time and came home with Caruso's barber-chair.



Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 1)

Council. Though it stopped short of recommending a Council with authority and funds of its own, the commission set up by the Copenhagen conference last September has now recommended a World Food Council within the framework of the FAO. Its plans are revolutionary. A new approach to the age-old problem of famine and surplus is outlined, calling for action on the international level to prevent another postwar slump. But there'll be no ploughing under of every other row, for restriction is definitely out of favor. "I'm not so sure we can try that again," says Sir John Boyd Orr, FAO's Director General. "In all countries there is a growing body of enlightened public opinion which will no longer tolerate plans to restrict production of food so long as there are people who need food. I am sure that in the country I come from they will never again allow separated milk to be poured down the drains to keep up prices when it is known that there are millions of children in families too poor to purchase sufficient milk."

Meanwhile, the food crisis continues. There are still millions in Europe existing on a diet which gives only about half the calories in the diet of the well-fed people of North America. There are millions in Asia existing on a diet which is even scantier than that of the Europeans.



If one can joke about such serious matters, there is one bright spot on the menu--particularly for our British neighbors. This month tea will be removed from the list of reserved commodities. Its wartime work completed, the Committee on Tea of the International Emergency Food Council, which meets, naturally enough, in London, is slated for dissolution.



The effect on the building industry of the relaxation of the controls over softwood plywood (predicted in this column January 1) is being watched anxiously in Washington. Producers must now divide their monthly output equally between rated, or certified (Veterans') orders and non-preference orders, (instead of giving 40 per cent to the rated orders as before) and the definition of construction plywood has been broadened. If the added protection afforded to the Veterans Housing Program is not effective, further restrictions on this building material may be expected.



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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 12)

heroes and rogues—would be worth reading about even if they wore double-breasted civvies and traveled in Pullmans. They act consistently and dramatically. They even think—a quality doubly remarkable when you consider that there is enough action here for a whole series of spectacle movies.

Nor does Mr. Roberts' research go to his head—except for a few pages in the Tripoli section where he cannot resist telling a little more about local customs than you (or at least I) care to learn. But for this brief lapse he may easily be forgiven. The last 100 pages or so contain such masterly drama, such emotional intensity, that the susceptible reader will become exhausted. The hero of this section is General Eaton whose honor and valor on the field are betrayed by small-minded, unprincipled men at home. He is a stirring, tragic figure.

Need I tell you that in the end love triumphs and Albion and Lydia find happiness which, indeed, they richly deserve? (*Doubleday, \$3.00*)

THOMAS JEFFERSON ON DEMOCRACY

Edited by Saul K. Padover

There are several ways of reading the life or, as in this case, the writings of a national hero such as Thomas Jefferson:

The first is the emotional way: determined to adore him, you take his every word as Gospel and ration-

alize what might seem to be contradictions or errors in judgment; or, determined to hate him, you do just the opposite.

The second is the opportunistic way: you search his writings for confirmation of your own beliefs, and completely ignore anything that doesn't fit in. Political demagogues of the right and the left, as well as thoughtless though well-intentioned zealots, love to quote for their purpose from the sayings of our great men. A line taken out of context, though exactly reproduced to the last comma, may easily give an impression that is false—even exactly opposite—to the meaning of the entire passage, and even a whole passage may not represent the considered attitude of the writer.

For example, I could quote you Thomas Jefferson in support of censorship: "No government ought to be without censors." Will you buy that? If you know your Jefferson you will be absolutely sure that he could not have meant what this implies. And if you read the rest of the passage you will see that what Jefferson wanted was a free press to censor or check on the actions of the government, and not vice versa.

I could quote you Jefferson in favor of an American Isolationism so complete that it would make our recent America-Firsters look like eager internationalists. Would you feel at liberty to use this as an argument for our quitting the United Na-

tions? Or would you feel obliged to take into consideration that in Jefferson's day, and in his own thinking, the Atlantic really did, physically, isolate us?

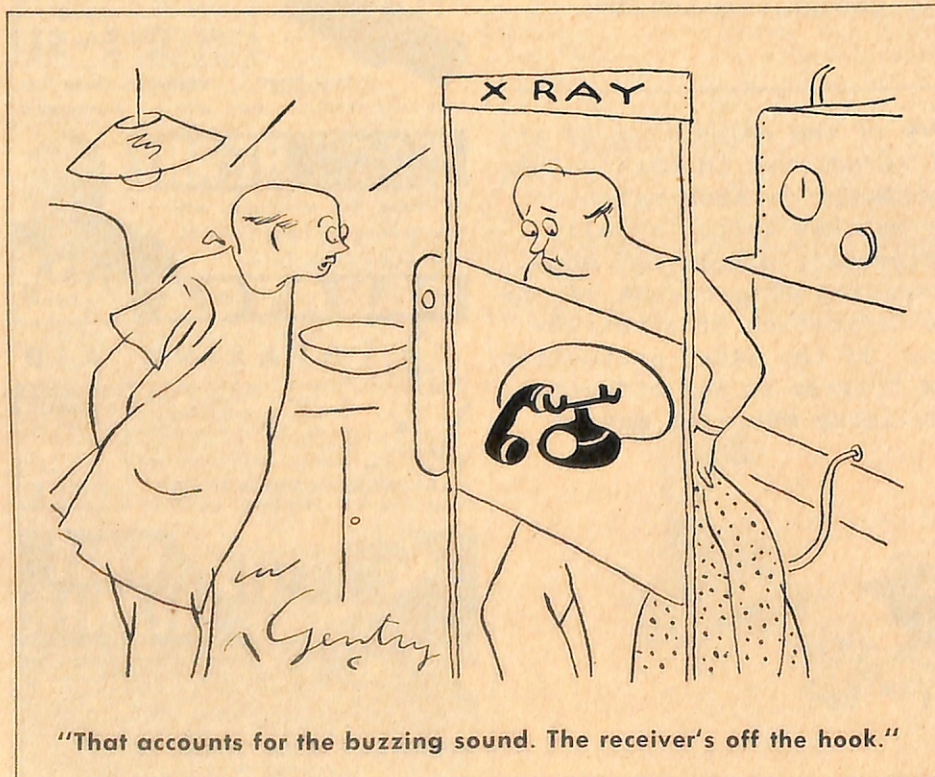
The third way to approach the writings of our great is the hard way: you read with the purpose of piecing together, as best you can, the whole man, and the conditions in which he lived. Then you can weigh his dicta against the temporary influences that surrounded him, and judge which are timeless and which no longer apply to us. Jefferson himself had a strong sense of changing times. You will find him again and again returning to this theme:

"The earth belongs to the living. . . . We may consider each generation as a distinct nation, with a right, by a will of the majority, to bind themselves, but none to bind their neighbors. . . . Nothing, then, is unchangeable, but the inherent rights of man."

All these preceding paragraphs I write in a mood of exhilaration left over from having read, for the first time, a large selection of passages from the letters and other writings of Thomas Jefferson. They are available in a new Penguin reprint of a book, edited by Saul K. Padover, and originally published several years ago by Appleton Century. It seems to me (and I am not a historian) to be a fair selection, honestly attempting to give a whole picture of our third President as a political, social and religious thinker. For while only wholehearted believers in democracy will be delighted by it, I think everyone will find something in it to disagree with.

Except for a brief introduction, Mr. Padover leaves the stage to Jefferson. The passages are dated and arranged by subject (Foreign Affairs, Religion, The Constitution, Minorities, etc.). An appendix gives a capsule digest of Jefferson's credo. A fascinating second appendix gives his frank opinions, taken from personal letters, of some contemporaries, including John Adams, Aaron Burr, Andrew Jackson ("His passions are terrible"), George Washington.

Though this book tells you nothing of Jefferson's personal life, you get a picture of a devoted man who loved his country with his whole being, and never blindly. You see him nursing the fledgling Constitution, questioning it, worrying about its flaws, protecting the rights of future generations to adapt it to their needs ("Some men look at constitutions with sanctimonious reverence and deem them too sacred to be touched . . ."). You become sure that he trusted the people without reservation, loved them without patronage.



It is quite an experience to become more closely acquainted with the man who wrote: "The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time: the hand of force may destroy, but cannot disjoin them." (*Pelican* [Penguin] Books, 25c)

DUNKERLEY'S by Howard Spring

Howard Spring, whose *My Son, My Son!* was something of a sensation a few years ago, is a facile storyteller in the old-fashioned manner. His shining virtue is that he writes like a novelist, not like a psychoanalyst. He sketches in his characters deftly so that they have a surface gloss and individuality which make them seem at first to be reasonable facsimiles of human beings. From incident to incident they fly with the greatest of ease, until...

Just about half way through "Dunkerley's" that small, unwanted suspicion that you have been suppressing almost from page one, asserts itself: Mr. Spring's London of the 1890's is not quite real. What you have taken for a solid city is actually a fancy perspective painted on a canvas backdrop.

For instance, there is the tragic, ruined beauty, despairing on the Embankment (where, in countless British heart-wringers, countless erring females have sought the Only Way Out). Will she be saved by a Good Man's Love? Then there is her brilliant, unhappy brother (Feverish Young Genius type), momentarily revitalized by the earthy love of a simple country woman, but finally unable to escape his impulse to self-destruction. There is a vital, successful young lady author whose remembered childhood, though it may be true to life, is too pat for fiction, at least for post-Dickens fiction. All these characters, and others a good deal more charming, gravitate around Sir Daniel Dunkerley, a phenomenally successful self-made publisher. His publishing empire is the subject of Mr. Spring's trilogy, of which *Hard Facts* was the first

book. This one is the second. A third is promised for the future.

The reason why, for a few pages, these people seem real is that Mr. Spring has endowed each with a single flaw which gives the illusion of a third dimension. Thus, the young lady author is not nearly pretty enough to be a storybook heroine. The Good Man who saves the Ruined Beauty is much too shrewd to be a proper Prince Charming. The great publisher is too much an opportunist to be the businessman's ideal. It is an excellent device, but it breaks down. You realize with regret that what promised to be an engaging story is a put-up job: so many drams of sex, so many ounces of "inside" business procedure, so many teaspoonfuls of cynicism to salt down the preponderant chocolate-cream flavor. (*Harper's*, \$2.50)

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE by Eric Hodgins

If you have built, bought or remodeled a country house, you'll think Mr. Hodgins wrote his book about you. If, after reading it, you have the nerve to start building, buying or remodeling a country house, you are a brave man.

This is an extremely funny book. It is the story of Mr. and Mrs. Blandings, as worthy and harmless a couple of prosperous New Yorkers as ever trod asphalt, breathed smoke and dreamt of the simple joys of country life. It tells about all the hair-raising experiences that the Blandings Go Through when they decide to buy a country home. From the moment they set eyes on the irresistible old Hackett Farm these two efficient, capable citizens are transformed into starry-eyed, butter-fingered babes in the woods. And the woods are filled with frightening real estate agents, hypnotic architects, fierce contractors, terrifying plumbers—good honest folk, all, but fatally dangerous to Mr. and Mrs. Blandings. By the time the house is finished, everything has happened to the

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

QUEEN HIGH

No other woman sovereign—and few men monarchs—holds as high a place in history as she. Hers was a forceful personality, and her long reign was full of achievements. Admiring subjects christened anything and everything after her. Her name is borne by a carriage, a university, a gigantic water-lily, a minor planet, a pigeon, a lake, a plum, several railway stations, an Australian province, as well as many towns

in various parts of the world. Yet like any other mortal she is dust. History is only a matter of words in books. But the Queen's name lives in common speech. Because she was a model of propriety and a stickler for the conventions, she is mentioned frequently in these freer and easier days. Anybody or anything deemed too dully proper, too stodgy or generally old-fashioned is branded as Mid-Victorian.

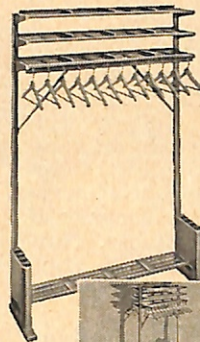
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Blandings' nerves and the Blandings' bank account. Was it anybody's fault? No, it's just the prehistoric set-up of the building trades plus something that happens to city people when they forget their place and try to get too familiar with the good earth. Illustrated by William Steig. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.75)

ROUNDS & ROUNDS

Collected by Mary C. Taylor

Some evening when you're having a party, instead of bringing out the bridge tables, try singing rounds. I'm not joking. I've seen mixed lots

of business executives and wives, professional people and gay young things—some of whom, to start with, viewed the whole idea with considerable suspicion—get such a kick out of singing rounds that their hostess generally had to shoo them out at about 1:30 A.M.

All the musical genius you need is the ability to carry (with conviction) a simple tune like "Frere Jacques", "Row, Row, Row Your Boat", or "Scotland's Burning". And the effect you and your fellow rounders create will put a symphony orchestra or the Metropolitan Opera

chorus to shame. At least that's how you'll feel, once you start.

And in case you think rounds are for children only, you've a surprise in store. For Mary C. Taylor has collected 140 rounds, old and new, with witty words and pleasant tunes—most, though not all of them, very simple to sing—which are a far cry from "Frere Jacques". The music is printed large and clear, the words ditto, and there are amusing pictures on almost every page.

And in case you think I'm a round addict, you're absolutely right. (Wm. Sloane Associates, \$3.00)

Is Your Air-strip Showing?

(Continued from page 7)

of Eldon. The whole thing started as an experiment of the State Resources and Planning Committee and everyone got behind the project. Just to show you how eager companies are to help, the Shell Oil Company agreed to build a special servicing unit for the Eldon Airpark if they would buy Shell products. Naturally everyone is happy. Shell makes money and Eldon gets the service.

And if you are seriously thinking of an airport I might drop the hint that you can buy one complete with everything except the site and the cement. Westinghouse went to the trouble to develop packaged airports. The units include lighting, power plants, pre-fabricated buildings, communication, fueling, dispensary, fire-fighting equipment, and all other elements for a complete installation.

If you're asking about trying it on for size, they have nice variations too. There are four types of hangars ranging from a single plane unit to one capable of housing a plane with a 160-foot wingspread. Twenty terminal buildings are available in four basic sizes with five variations each. The smallest building consists of an operations room which houses radio, lighting control and meteorological equipment, and an adjacent waiting room. If you can't stand the cost of such installations and you still want an airfield, you might look into the civilian buying of Quonset huts. I understand they're selling them now.

And CAA has lately tested and approved a reflector runway lighting system for night flying. It has a generator which powers two main floodlights faced down the runway where little metal disks shine and indicate the runway edge. It saves

all kinds of money usually spent in intricate underground wiring.

There are many new cost-saving things being developed which will make the matter of building an airport less expensive to the smaller community. And it should be no trouble to get detailed information on all phases of construction. The Shell Oil Company put out a pamphlet giving accurate details of construction and estimates, Mr. Piper of the Piper Aircraft Company put out one telling a lot about why an airport will do you some good, and all the aviation magazines continue to cite examples of well-run community projects.

So if you're one of the many communities that will profit by an up-to-date airport, rush out and mix up some concrete right away. And please, please, don't let your air-strip show the way it has been done. It doesn't look good at all.

Steps In Your Airport Development

1. Site Selection—Select several possibilities and test each of them by asking if they meet the aeronautical, engineering and economic problems which will be encountered in developing each possible site.

2. Site Determination—Ask the Regional Office of CAA to send an airport engineer to determine the most suitable location.

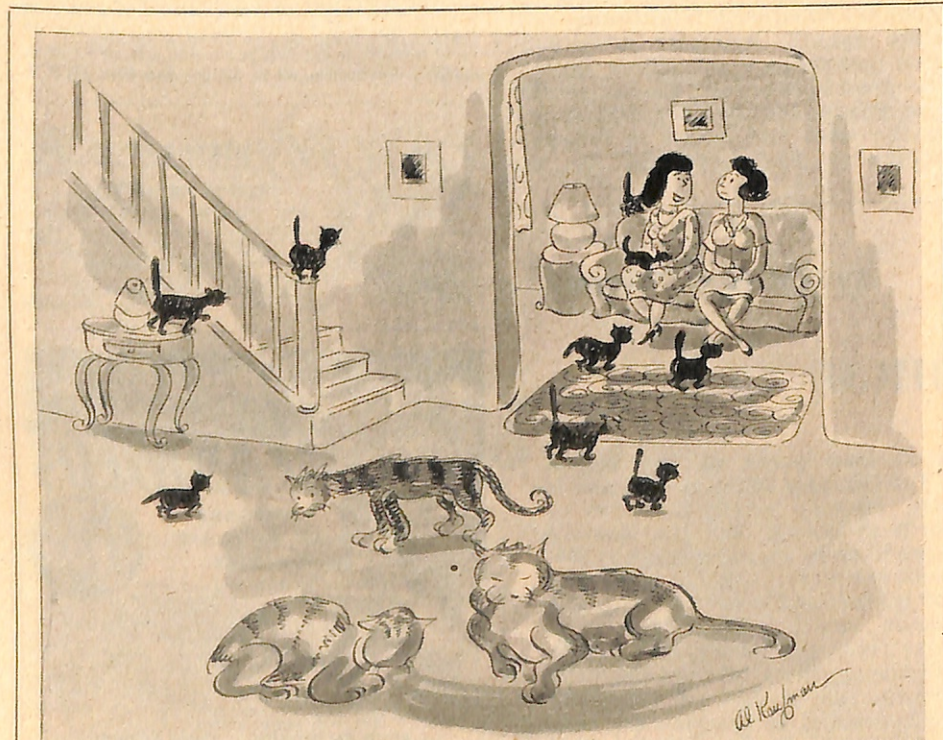
3. Field Layout—Check prevailing winds and draw up the plans for the field. Present them to the CAA engineer.

4. Determination of Equipment—Contact oil companies and contractors for fueling tanks, pumps, hangars, shops, operations room, etc.

5. Accessories—Look into the possibilities of a cafe, overnight guest rooms, landscaping for a park, soda fountain, taxi or bus service to and from town and other "ground profit" enterprises.

6. Field Operator—If the field is a community project, a competent operator should be engaged.

7. Guidance—CAA will be glad to guide your step-by-step development. Check frequently with them during the building and future operation of the field.



"I can truthfully say there isn't a mouse in the house."

News of the Order



ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS
NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

A CANDIDATE FOR GRAND EXALTED RULER

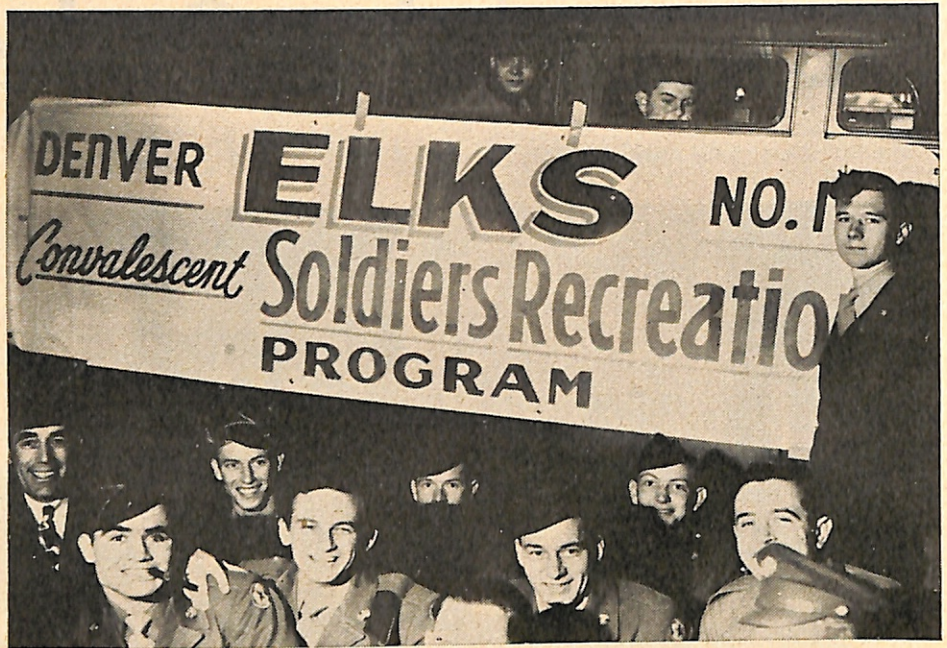
NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

EDITORIAL

Seattle, Wash., Lodge has been cooperating 100% in the program of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, with entertainment and parties for veterans at four hospitals. Above, a member of the Elks' entertainment unit captures the interest of four wounded servicemen at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Seattle.

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NAT

Right: The happy faces of these convalescent servicemen from Fitzsimmons General Hospital reflect the pleasure they derive through Denver, Colo., Lodge's regular entertainment program. They are taken by bus from the hospital to the lodge home for dinner, and then to the local auditorium to watch the weekly wrestling matches.



Below: Jay Schatz, a 23-year-old hero of World War II, with only a short while to live, is initiated into the Order at his request by officials of Racine, Wis., Lodge. At that time he also received Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton's personal Elk Emblem Pin.



Left: Est. Lead. Knight Wyckoff Westover, Marie Wilson, E.R. Judge Arthur Guerin and Ken Murray pose with a background of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's "Chanters" during the performance of the famous "Blackouts" at which the lodge entertained 650 wounded combat veterans from Southern California Service Hospitals.

Below are some of the 32 recruits who enlisted in the U.S. Army as a result of a week-long campaign sponsored by Jamestown and Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodges, at a banquet given for them by the Elks.



NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION



Above is a photograph taken at Bainbridge Naval Hospital during one of the shows for convalescent servicemen put on at four-

teen hospitals by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association. Several Elk officials look on.



Above: Elk ladies of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge serve refreshments to veterans at Valley Forge Hospital on one of their many visits sponsored by the lodge's Veterans Service Commission.



Left: At Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, D.D. Robert Marxson presents the Certificate of Award to Mrs. W. U. Smith, Chairman of the Elks' Ladies War Unit. Carl Jones, Director of the Ind. Elks Chanters, also accepted an award on behalf of the singers, for their programs at Veterans Hospitals.

Below: Some of the patients at the Veterans Hospital at Knoxville, Ia., are entertained at one of the regular programs put on by the Iowa Elks there and at the hospital in Des Moines.

Right is a photograph of the dance given by Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge for Elks and their guests and World War II veterans who are sons and daughters of members of the Order.



THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS



Above: At Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, are, left to right, Chairman Bert A. Thompson of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, State Pres. John Fay, E.R. John Seramur and the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton shakes hands with E.R. E. R. Hela at the home of Menasha, Wis., Lodge, in the presence of several other State Elk dignitaries.



Below: Mr. Broughton, first row, center, on Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night.

GRAND EXALTED RULER Charles E. Broughton was guest of honor, late in November, at the Mid-Winter Meeting of the **IOWA STATE ELKS ASSN.** at Cedar Rapids. Several hundred delegates registered for the three-day session, at which 27 of Iowa's lodges were represented.

Dinner and open house were enjoyed the first day at the home of **CEDAR RAPIDS LODGE NO. 251**, and the following day was devoted to important business meetings at which the counsel of Clyde E. Jones, a member of the Grand Forum, was gratefully received.

That evening, following dinner, over 1,200 members and their ladies heard Mr. Broughton deliver one of his excellent addresses. State Pres. Leo Ronan greeted the gathering, Mr. Jones responded, and Lloyd Maxwell, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, delighted his audience with a few succinct remarks. John C. Fay, Pres. of the Wis. Elks Assn., also addressed the crowd and had the privilege of introducing the Grand Exalted Ruler to the crowd. Dancing and a floor show brought the evening to a close.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., LODGE, NO. 57, welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton on December 7th, when a large group of dignitaries joined him at a special meeting celebrating No. 57's Past Exalted Rulers' Night.

On January 4th, Mr. Broughton was greeted by a number of Elks at **MENASHA, WIS., LODGE, NO. 676**. Other dignitaries of the Order who were present on this occasion were Past State Pres.'s A. W. Parnell, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Dr. C. O. Fillinger, and the following current State Association officials: Trustee Ray J. Fink, Vice-Pres.-at-Large Dr. A. V. Delmore and Tiler V. M. Landgraf.

The Order's leader made an official visit to **MILWAUKEE, WIS., LODGE, NO. 46**, on Monday evening, January 13th. A Stag Dinner in his honor took place in



the Marine Dining Room of the lodge home, with about four hundred candidates and members in attendance. Later, Mr. Broughton watched the Milwaukee Elks Plugs, one hundred strong, in full regalia, participate in the initiation of the seventy-two men who made up the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace". The Elks' Chorus of seventy-five voices and the lodge's forty-piece Military Band made music during the evening.

At this time, the Grand Exalted

Ruler presented his personal check for \$100 for No. 46's annual boxing bouts for the benefit of its Crippled Children's Fund. Approximately 1,000 local Elks attended the meeting, with large delegations from many surrounding branches of the Order. Among the distinguished guests from Wisconsin were Mayor John L. Bohn of Milwaukee, a member of the lodge; Chairman Bert A. Thompson of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D.D.'s Wm. A. Uthmeier, a former member of the Grand

Lodge Committee on Credentials, Harold L. Londo and E. L. Hubbard, and the following State Association officials: Pres., John C. Fay; Vice-Pres.'s: Dr. Delmore, Wm. R. Bolton, Charles Urbanek and Wm. J. Eulberg; Secy. Leo H. Schmalz; Treas. Wm. H. Otto; Chaplain Rev. Joseph Andrzejewski; Sgt.-at-Arms Captain Fred Theilacker, and Trustees: A. J. Geniesse, Wm. F. Schad, Mr. Fink, George A. Vehlow and Elmer J. Reese. Many Past Presidents of the Association were also on hand.



ANAHEIM, CALIF., LODGE PRESENTS A CANDIDATE FOR GRAND EXALTED RULER

ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA, Lodge, No. 1345, has the honor to announce that at the meeting of the Grand Lodge, to be held in Portland, Oregon, in July, 1947, it will present one of its Past Exalted Rulers, L. A. Lewis, for Grand Exalted Ruler for the Grand Lodge year 1947-48.

The record of service of Brother L. A. Lewis in our Order extends over a period of twenty-seven years. It covers those wonderful years when Elksdom made its great advancement following World War I; the years of world-wide economic depression that took its toll of our Order; the years of our brilliant record-making in World War II, and the present era of continued progress toward the glorious fulfillment of the destiny of our Order.

He was born in Anaheim, California, on the 26th day of November, 1888.

He was initiated as a member of Anaheim Lodge No. 1345 on the 12th day of November, 1919, and during the steady march of California Elksdom through the succeeding years, years of both shadow and sunshine, he has ever been the energetic, enthusiastic, wise leader holding high the banner of Elksdom. Gifted of speech, pleasing and sincere of personality, he has endeared himself to the rank and file of Elksdom. The leaders of our Order throughout the nation regard him with affection.

He was elected and served as Exalted Ruler of Anaheim Lodge. His year was one of the most successful and outstanding years in the history of this lodge.

He served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Southern District of California under Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell in 1925-26.

He served on various State Association Committees and finally was elected to serve as State President of the California Elks Association in 1936-37. Under the inspired leadership of Brother Lewis, the lodges of California showed a net gain for the first time after several successive years of membership losses. The California gain for that year was thirty per cent of the total net gain for the entire Order.

Brother Lewis served as a member of the Grand

Lodge Committee on Judiciary for four years. He was appointed a Justice of the Grand Forum by the then Grand Exalted Ruler, Frank J. Lonergan, in 1943, and was serving his fourth year as a Justice of the Grand Forum—the Supreme Court of the Order—when he resigned because of the forthcoming announcement by this lodge of his candidacy for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

Few men active in the Order in the last twenty-seven years have contributed so much time or so effectively to its upbuilding as has Brother Lewis.

Although Brother Lewis is a professional man and has never held or been a candidate for public office, either by election or by appointment, there are few men in the State of California who are so well or so favorably known.

Brother Lewis is a lawyer by profession. He graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in May, 1910.

He has a charming family consisting of a wife, a daughter and three sons. Each of his three sons served with distinction, two in the Navy and one in the Army, in active combat areas throughout the period of World War II.

Because of his life of service and accomplishment for our Order, we submit the candidature of our Brother, L. A. Lewis, for your fraternal consideration.

For Anaheim Lodge No. 1345
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
William G. Stedman
Exalted Ruler
Harwood R. Larson
Secretary

and Past Exalted Rulers Thomas L. McFadden, J. Leslie Swope, L. P. Bonnat, H. H. Benjamin, F. B. Callan, O. W. Heying, Harry D. Riley, George F. Holden, John B. Menges, Lotus H. Loudon, Jean Arroues, Gilbert U. Kraemer, Arthur M. Bradley, Leo J. Friis, Benjamin F. Mattox, A. H. Beazley, Clyde A. Bruce, Ray Van Wagoner, C. Lloyd Larsen, Allen F. DeWitt, Donald C. Jones, Stephen F. Gallagher and John D. Ardaiz.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above is the latest class to be initiated into the rapidly growing Flint, Mich., Lodge.



Above is the D.D. Robert C. Marxson Class of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, initiated in honor of the Deputy's visit.

Below are officers of Princeton, Ind., Lodge with the class initiated on the visit of D.D. H. W. Branstetter.



KNOXVILLE, (Pittsburgh), PA., Lodge, No. 1196, lost one of its most active and cooperative members when its Secretary, Bert Soper, passed away at his home early in December.

Born in Philadelphia, Mr. Soper came to Pittsburgh and identified himself with Knoxville Lodge over 25 years ago; during his affiliation he filled all the chairs including that of Exalted Ruler. For the past 15 years he acted as Secretary of No. 1196, dispatching his duties with thoroughness and efficiency.

In his early years, Mr. Soper was connected with show business and his rich baritone voice was in great demand for entertainments. Only a few days before his death, Mr. Soper had sung at the lodge's annual Memorial Services.

Funeral services were held at the Schaub Funeral Home, with Exalted Ruler Edwin J. Gerard and a full corps of officers conducting the Elk ritual. Interment took place in South Side Cemetery.

EAST CHICAGO, IND., Lodge, No. 981, put on quite a feast for its Old Timers not long ago, followed by diversified entertainment.

The same celebration marked the 20th anniversary of the dedication of No. 981's beautiful home. Past District Deputy John L. Miller prepared and read an interesting historical treatise on his lodge, which will be preserved in the lodge files for future generations of Elks.

R. I. STATE ELKS ASSN. The first event of its kind to be sponsored by the Rhode Island State Elks Assn., an affair proposed by Pres. Anthony F. Lawrence of Woonsocket at the 1946 State Convention, filled a two-fold purpose. The association's nine Past Presidents were honored that evening, and its tenth anniversary was celebrated at this gala affair, held in the auditorium of the Providence Lodge home.

The event was an unqualified success, both socially and financially, with a total of 320 persons present; 189 of these were Woonsocket Elks who deserve great commendation for their assistance and cooperation in adding to the pleasure of the program.

Things got started with a Grand March led by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, followed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and his daughter, and the seven Past Presidents who attended, with their partners. Edward Coyle, Inner Guard of Providence Lodge and Chairman of the affair, introduced President Lawrence who welcomed the group and then presented gold tie clasp sets to each of the Association's former leaders. These gifts were donated by Earl W. Shedd of Providence Lodge.

Among the Association's erstwhile leaders who spoke that evening were Past District Deputies Edward H. Powell, a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and George A. Dolan. Mr. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, also addressed the gathering, praising the fine work being done by the Rhode Island Elks. District Deputy Frank E. McKenna, State Trustee, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast and the rest of the evening was devoted to a floor show; a buffet luncheon and dancing.



Above: Officers of Valley City, N.D., Lodge and the twenty-one new members who were initiated in the presence of D.D. J. K. Kennelly.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, is evidently led by men of both perspicacity and generosity. Exalted Ruler Rosell T. Pickrel, several months ago, made a personal donation of \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation, and in recognition of this he received an Honorary Founders' Certificate from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett, a member of the Foundation Trustees, at an impressive ceremony at the lodge home. This fact was publicized in our January issue, although wording of the material was incorrect in that it stated the Certificate was accepted by E.R. Pickrel on behalf of his lodge. Washington Lodge has been the holder of a Foundation Certificate since 1938.

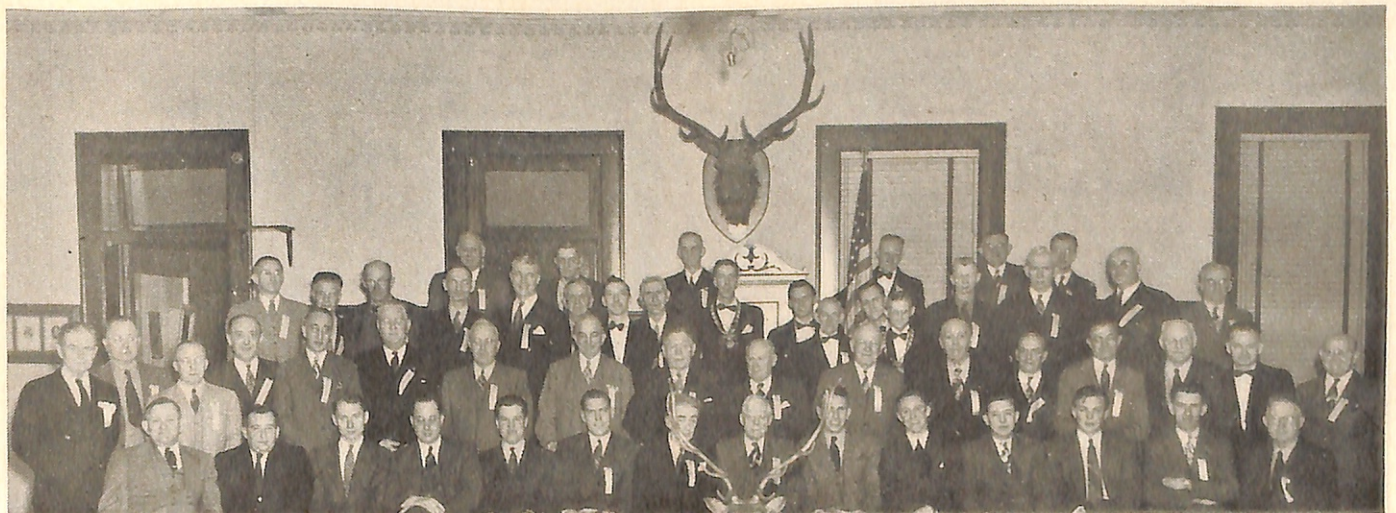
The generous example set by Mr. Pickrel has been followed by Glenn Rawley, a Trustee of Washington Lodge, who recently purchased a \$1,000 Honorary Founders' Certificate; it is sincerely hoped that other members of the Order all over the country will emulate these Washington Elk officials.

Below is a photograph taken during the recent celebration held by New Lexington, O., Lodge in honor of its 25-year members, when a class was initiated.



Above are the officers and forty-eight new Astoria, Ore., Elks.

Below: Those who attended East Chicago, Ind., Lodge's "Old Timers' Night."



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

GARRETT, IND., Lodge, No. 1447, didn't waste any time once it made up its mind to give an oxygen machine to the Sacred Heart Hospital. A check in the amount of \$585 was presented by E.R. Roy R. Williams to Sister M. Sylvia, superior of the Hospital.

The old unit used by the hospital was too large and cumbersome to be moved about and required ice to keep the oxygen cool, which was a job in itself and often delayed giving aid to patients. The new machine has its own cooling system which is placed in operation by the mere flip of a switch and oxygen is available in a matter of seconds. Not only that, but the machine is light in weight and can be moved easily from room to room. Furthermore, two or three persons can be given oxygen from the unit at one time.

ONTARIO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1419, cooperating with Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton's request that the lodges set up programs for the benefit of underprivileged children, staged a two-night Charity Minstrel Show at the Civic Auditorium out there and cleared a little over \$1,500. The members of No. 1419 will spend this money in their community to further the Grand Exalted Ruler's program.

ORDER'S HISTORY IN MOTION-PICTURE FORM

"Twixt Dream and Deed", a 16-millimeter film, either sound or silent, can be secured by the lodges and State Associations to show at regular meetings, or to prospective members. A color film, it gives the story of Elkdom from its beginning to the present time.

It can either be purchased or secured free of charge for one-day use through the Chicago Film Laboratory, Inc., 18 West Walton Place, Chicago 10, Ill.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, had about 20 of its members turn amateur carpenters recently to construct several Adirondack-type shelters at the Beech Mountain Boy Scout Camp. E.R. Frank McBride supervised the job and later formally presented the shelters to district Scout officials at a ceremony attended by D.D. Philip Parker.

HOLYOKE, MASS., Lodge, No. 902, recently honored those of its members who have been affiliated with the lodge for thirty or more years. Approximately seventy of these veteran Elks attended the banquet, plus two hundred and twenty-five members of No. 902. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, was the principal speaker and Past Exalted Ruler Patrick J. Garvey, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, responded on behalf of the honored guests who received Honorary Life Memberships that evening. Past Exalted Ruler George F. Murray acted as Toastmaster at the dinner, during which a program of entertainment took place. William O'Hare was Chairman on this memorable occasion.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., Lodge, No. 380, gets going quickly, the moment its mind is made up. A few short months ago the lodge decided to secure a resuscitator for the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital. A campaign was started and in no time at all a sufficient amount of money was raised for the purchase of the lung, which was turned over to the Hospital at Christmas time.

Below: E.R. Earl Waller presents DeKalb, Ill., Lodge's second \$1,000 check to D.D. Robert Olsen, to become a Permanent Benefactor in the Elks National Foundation.



Below: Three officials of the "Kangaroo Court" who managed to pull in \$500 for charity in "fines" collected from members of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge.



WAUSAU, WIS., Lodge, No. 248, was host at a mighty successful meeting called by the Grand Lodge Activities Committee recently, at which over 200 Elks were in attendance, including 40 from other lodges, eleven of which were represented.

Bert A. Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, announced his plans for the year at this "Program Kick-Off Meeting", emphasizing the Subordinate Lodge Bulletin Contest which his Committee is sponsoring this year, and which was announced in the February issue of this Magazine.

Other important Wisconsin Elk officials at this meeting were D.D. W. A. Uthmeier, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and State Pres. John Fay.

OWATONNA, MINN., Lodge, No. 1395, saw to it that the stream of chocolate milk and "coke" didn't run dry at the dance it sponsored for high school students after a recent football game.

The always-thoughtful Elks made sure that the high school crowd heard the complete Winona-Owatonna game broadcast in the auditorium of the high school and put on a party-dance for their young friends, who had a wonderful time in spite of the fact that the Winona team outplayed their boys and ran off with the big end of the tally.

DES MOINES, IA., Lodge, No. 98, entertained D.D. C. E. Richards, Jr., recently on his official visit there and highlighted the meeting with several important events. A check for \$900 in full payment for No. 98's Honorary Founder's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation was presented that evening and a class of 89 candidates was initiated at impressive ceremonies led by the lodge's Drill Team. State Treas. A. P. Lee was also present.

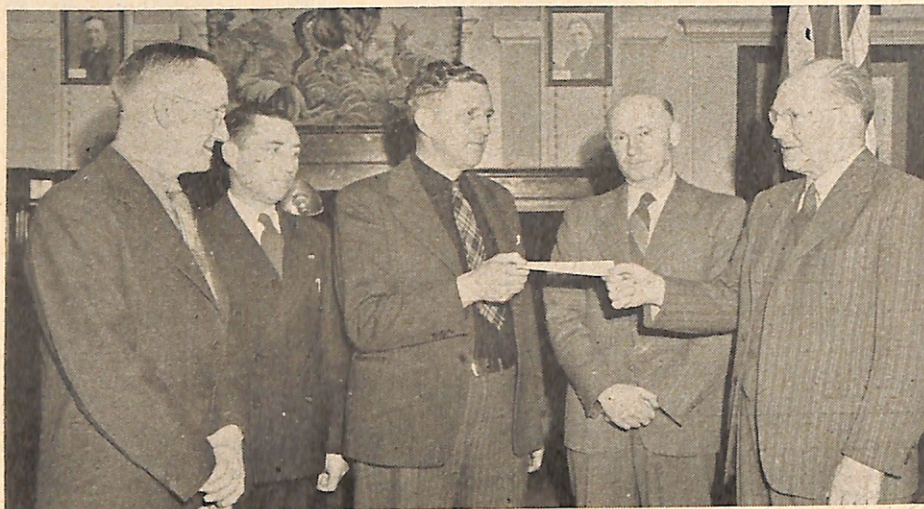
PHOENIX, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 335, is made up of men who haven't forgotten their youth. The annual dance given by No. 335 for teen-agers was a happy affair which kept a good pace from nine p.m. till midnight. Personal invitations were extended to Elk sons and daughters from 13 to 19, and they were allowed to bring "dates" regardless of Elk affiliation. The dance was arranged jointly by the Elks and the Phoenix Antler Lodge.

Above: State Pres. Lee Donaldson addresses those present at a dinner held by Latrobe, Pa., Lodge when Honorary Life Memberships were presented to several members.

Below is part of the crowd of 630 which attended McCook, Neb., Lodge's Silver Jubilee banquet.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above: Officials of Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge turn over a \$2,000 check for improvements on Camp Kiwanis and other local Boy Scout Camps.



Above: Henry A. Schuoler, standing, left, is honored by Frederick, Md., Lodge on his appointment as Deputy for Md., Del., and the District of Columbia.

Below: District Deputy Edwin J. Alexander, seated third from right, joins Past Exalted Rulers of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge at a recent dinner.



SEATTLE, WASH., Lodge, No. 92, took excellent care of thousands of veterans during the Christmas season. The month of December saw Elk-sponsored variety shows at Fort Lewis Theater; Bremerton Naval Hospital; Naval Hospital and Marine Hospital in Seattle; Fort Lawton Hospital; Service Club No. 2 and the Reception Center, Fort Lewis, and Service Club No. 1, Fort Lawton.

On Christmas day the wards of the Naval Hospital were filled with entertainers provided by No. 92 and that evening, at the Fort Lawton Service Club No. 1, the Elks gave the last party for some 2,000 men who were about to leave for Japan. A second unit went to Fort Lawton Hospital Christmas afternoon, and the next day a bingo party was put on there. The Seattle Elks helped Bremerton Lodge on December 23rd by providing entertainment for its party for the boys from Bremerton Naval Hospital at the home of Bremerton Lodge.

Approximately 2,000 pairs of Elk slippers were distributed over the Holidays, with Seattle Elks also providing \$6,500 worth of Christmas boxes for every patient at U. S. Naval, Marine and Fort Lawton Hospitals, and the Sandpoint Naval Air Station Dispensary.

No. 92's entertainers lightened the hours of about 5,000 servicemen and women during December and on the 17th the Seattle Elks threw a Christmas party, complete with dinner and gifts, for this hard-working group.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, not only took its usual generous interest in the pleasure of underprivileged and hospitalized youngsters, as well as the aged, at Christmas this year, but outdid itself in a Yuletide celebration for hospitalized veterans. No. 99 purchased the entire lower floor of the El Capitan Theater in Los Angeles for 650 wounded combat soldiers and sailors from Birmingham and Long Beach Service Hospitals so the boys could see a performance of Ken Murray's famous "Blackouts". An added attraction was one of the rare public appearances of the well-known "99" Chanters.

The recent visit of D.D. Thomas F. McCue to Los Angeles Lodge was marked by the initiation of nearly 250 men. The ceremonies were most colorful and preceded a message from the Deputy.

GARDEN CITY, KANS., Lodge, No. 1404, has been unobtrusively doing a magnificent job for nearly a quarter of a century in sponsoring a Boy Scout Troop now boasting 27 members.

Not long ago the Garden City Elks received a gratifying pat on the back in the form of a letter signed by Elbert K. Fretwell, Chief Scout Executive of the national Boy Scout organization, praising No. 1404's long-time, careful sponsorship, calling it "an unusual national record". Mr. Fretwell in his letter pointed out that through these years, hundreds of boys have developed into fine citizens, better equipped, through the interest of the Elks, for life's responsibilities. Plans are being made by the Troop and the Elk Scout Committee for a big celebration next year.

RACINE, WIS., Lodge, No. 252, has a new member it will never forget. He is Jay Schatz, a 23-year-old former Racine boy who was injured in the ETO while a B-17 gunner. The young man, who is now at Rest Haven Veterans Hospital, has but a few months to live.

Shortly before the Holidays, when his brother asked him what he'd like best for Christmas, the young hero said he'd settle for a membership in the Order of Elks. "They're a good bunch of Joes," Jay remarked, "and I'd like to be one of them."

On December 23rd, when Racine Lodge sent a delegation of officers to Rest Haven to initiate Jay into the Order, E.R. Gerald T. Flynn pinned Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton's own personal diamond Elks pin to the young man's pajama lapel. The Grand Exalted Ruler had heard of Jay Schatz and took great pride and pleasure in making the boy's Christmas as auspicious as it could be. The Racine Elks also gave this new Elk a book on photography (his hobby), an individual member sent him several other books; and No. 252 gave 14 of Jay's fellow patients cartons of cigarettes.

LATROBE, PA., Lodge, No. 907, doesn't intend to let the public forget that its city is the cradle of professional football. Dr. John K. Brallier, a dentist, knocked down "\$10 and cakes" to play for the Latrobe YMCA in September, 1895, and he is a member of No. 907. Another member of the original pro team is an Elk—Ed Abbaticchio, the old National League ball player.

The Latrobe Professional Football Memorial Committee has worked hard to persuade big-leaguers to immortalize its "greats" and the Elks were the first to start this campaign with a contribution of \$1,000 to the establishment of a "living" memorial. This will take the form of a stadium with gymnasium, basketball floors, locker rooms, etc., and a room for football trophies. It will be built in City Recreation Park and will be similar to the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y.

MANITOWOC, WIS., Lodge, No. 687, had the honor of paying tribute to those of its members who have been affiliated with the lodge for 25 years or more and really did the occasion up brown. The veteran members were guests at dinner in the grill room and, following the initiation of a class of candidates, the P.E.R.'s among them presided at an informal meeting. About 200 Elks were among those who paid tribute to these old-time members, all of whom enjoyed a musical program and social hour which followed.

RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J., Lodge, No. 1506, gave Vice-Pres. Richard Robinson of the N. J. State Elks Assn. for his district one of the biggest events in its history. The occasion attracted some 300 persons to the lodge home, among whom were delegates from 18 of the State's lodges, as well as representatives from Puerto Rico, and a class of candidates was initiated.

A \$100 check, as first payment to the Elks National Foundation, was presented by P.E.R. Henry Phelan.

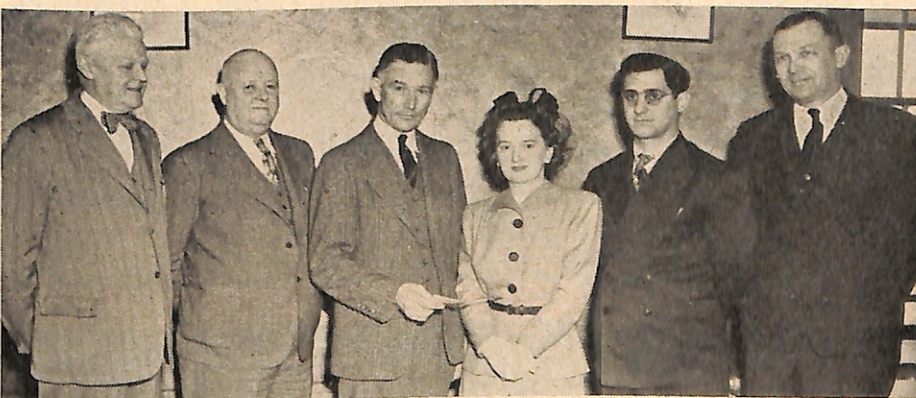
ELKS NATIONAL HOME. Christmas for the residents of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., was something they will not soon forget. Gifts were distributed to all, with a breakfast and Holiday cards for each member. Dinner, Christmas carols and a motion picture show took up the rest of the day, adding to the residents' Holiday week.



Above: Civic, hospital and Elk officials at the Year-of-Giving Dinner of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge when \$2,500 was distributed to three hospitals. Secy. and Vice-Chairman George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, third from right, was the principal speaker.



Above is a photograph taken when Danville, Va., Lodge presented a portable resuscitator to the city's Life Saving Crew.



Above: Mayor Daniel McLean, a member of Beverly, Mass., Lodge, presents the lodge's check for \$2,439 to the mother of Fred Green, Jr., a Melrose High School football player who died as a result of injuries sustained during a game.



Above: Officials who were present at the homecoming visit of D.D. John J. McDonald to Wareham, Mass., Lodge when a large class was initiated.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above: Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, through Hon. J. W. Lyness, Chairman of the lodge's Crippled Children's Committee, launches the city's March of Dimes Campaign.



Above: D.D. A. C. McCarthy, seated third from left, with Elk officials and representatives of 13 hospitals among which Bronx, N. Y., Lodge's \$15,354.70 was distributed.



Above are E.R. and Mrs. W. V. B. Howe just before they cut Gardner, Mass., Lodge's 25th Anniversary cake at a dinner attended by more than 350 couples.

HARTFORD (White River Junction), VT., Lodge, No. 1541, made a big thing of the official visit of D.D. Archie Buttura to its newly opened home. The dinner and meeting that evening were attended by about 150 local and out-of-town Elks. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers accompanied Mr. Buttura, as well as State Pres. Melvin W. Moore, State Vice-Pres. Daughley Gould, and P.D.D.'s Andrew Morrison and Patrick J. Kaney, and members from Springfield, Windsor, Montpelier and Burlington, Vt., and Lowell, Mass.

Not only was a class initiated that evening, but Hartford Lodge imported the famous Montpelier Lodge chefs to serve the banquet, which turned out to be a barbecued chicken dinner.

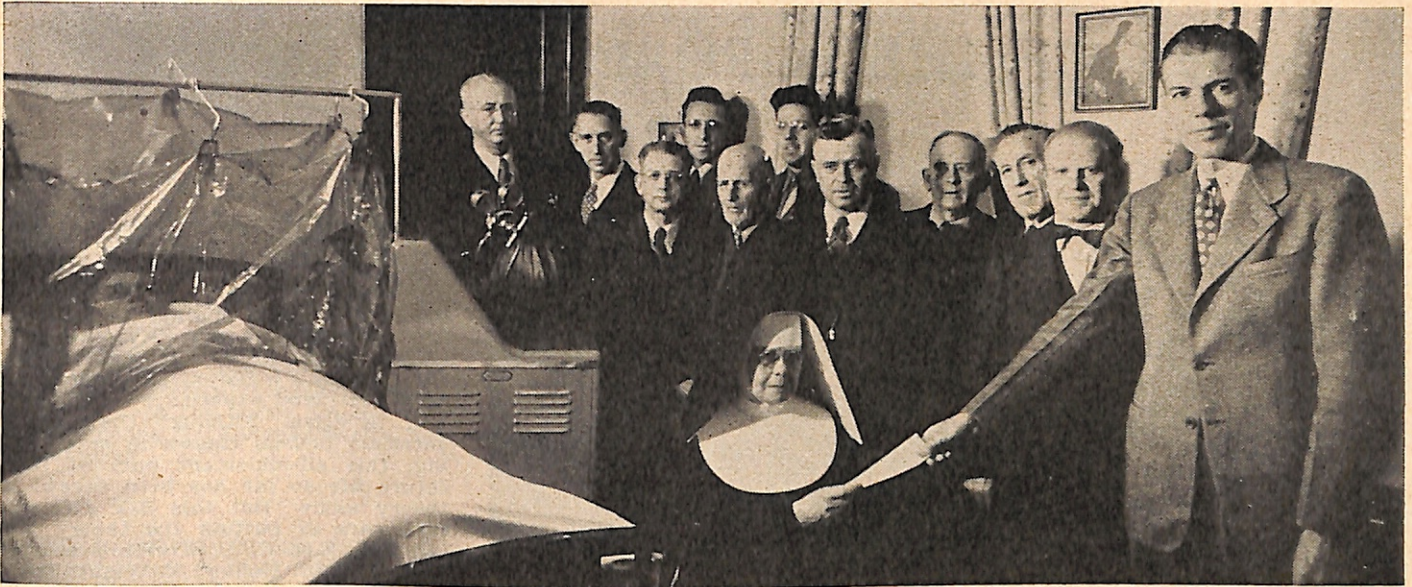
HAMMOND, IND., Lodge, No. 485, didn't want even one of its citizens to be unhappy at Christmas time. Nancy Freeman, a 15-year-old polio victim, was confined to a resuscitator in an East Chicago Hospital. When the Hammond Elks learned that she would be unable to spend Christmas with her family, they immediately purchased a \$1,800 life-giving machine and had it installed in her home. The girl was rushed by ambulance from St. Catherine's Hospital to Hammond in a race with death, since doctors stated that she would be unable to live outside the respirator for more than 15 minutes.

YANKTON, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, fulfilled its pledge to the city recently, when its check for \$1,000 was presented to Robert R. Tincher, Chairman of the Citizens' Committee, by E.R. Carl Olson. The money will be used for the construction of a new swimming pool in Yankton.

NEW LEXINGTON, OHIO, Lodge, No. 509, honored its 25-year members not long ago at a banquet which proved to be one of the most outstanding events of the year. Over 200 were present, with 79 Old Timers on hand. No. 509's four surviving charter members were present, and each of the honored guests received a souvenir badge. A class of 12 candidates was initiated on this gala occasion.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, feted Miss Mildred Patenaude, winner of one of the 1946 Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student" Awards, at one of its most gala affairs. State and city officials and more than 200 Elks, including State Association officers, gathered to pay their respects to this fine student at a testimonial banquet given at the home of No. 920 in her honor. Past State Pres. Thomas E. Harding presented a \$200 check to Miss Patenaude who has the proud distinction of having sold approximately \$500,000 in Bonds while a high school student.

Judge William M. Connell was Toastmaster on this occasion at which several Elk and civic officials spoke, including Pres. Anthony F. Lawrence of the R. I. State Elks Assn., and Senator Ambrose P. McCoy. A few of Miss Patenaude's family were present to bask contentedly in her reflected glory.



Above: E.R. R. Williams presents Garrett, Ind., Lodge's \$585 check to Sister M. Sylvia, Superior of Sacred Heart Hospital, to pay for the hospital's oxygen machine, also shown, as other Elk officials look on.

Below are those who enjoyed Hamilton, Mont., Lodge's first annual Duck Hunters' Breakfast which opened the season.

MARYSVILLE, OHIO, Lodge, No. 1130, only had 97 members on its rolls, when D.D. Russell Batteiger paid his official visit to its home, yet these altruistic Elks voted to make a \$1,000 presentation to the Elks National Foundation and another gift in the same amount to the local Hospital Building Fund.

During Mr. Batteiger's visit E.R. John W. Dailey presented his lodge's \$1,000 check to Col. Dana Morey, Hospital Building Fund Chairman, at a banquet held for Elks and their ladies, which was followed by a ball in the lodge home.

DEVILS LAKE, N. D., Lodge, No. 1216, turned over a \$2,000 check recently which is earmarked for improvements at Camp Kiwanis and other Boy Scout camps in that area. P.E.R. E. Earl Mann, Chairman of the lodge's Board of Trustees, turned over the check to G. E. Miner, a member of Devils Lake Lodge and Chairman of the Camp Development Fund Drive in the Lake Region District in the presence of several other Elk and civic dignitaries.



ANACORTES, WASH., Lodge, No. 1204, got together a talented cast for its first annual Minstrel Show and set aside two nights not long ago for extremely successful performances at the High School Auditorium.

Proceeds of the show rolled up a neat \$1,000 and will be used to buy uniforms for the school's band.

McCOOK, NEB., Lodge, No. 1434, took care of 630 guests at the gala banquet marking its Silver Jubilee not long ago. Two days were devoted to this occasion, with an initiation and stag party the first evening, attended by D.D. R. E. Stephens, and the banquet and dance the following day. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, was the chief speaker. At this time, P.D.D. E. F. Petersen presented to August Schneider, Chairman of the Nebraska Elks Assn.'s Benevolence Committee, a check for \$1,052, which was McCook Lodge's quota toward the building of an Elk's Wing to the Children's Hospital at Omaha, a project in which all Nebraska Elks are vitally interested.

Below: Officials who attended the Grand Lodge Activities Committee's "Program Kick-Off Meeting" at Wausau, Wis., Lodge. Chairman Bert A. Thompson is seated, center.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



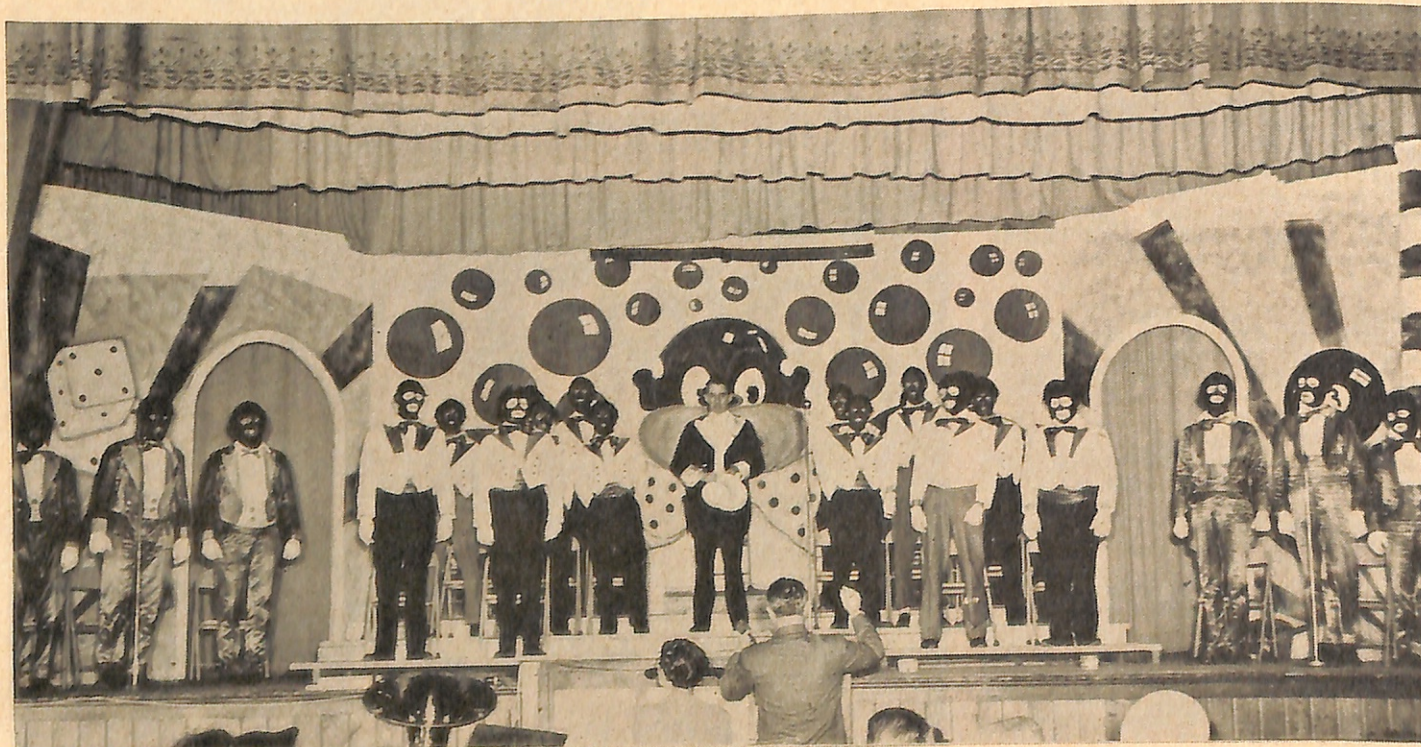
Above: Hammond, Ind., Elks pictured with Nancy Freeman and the resuscitator they presented to her so that she could be with her family at Christmas.

YAKIMA, WASH., Lodge, No. 318, has gone to a lot of trouble and expense to see that the high school students of the city know everything there is to know about safe driving. No. 318 recently presented a new Plymouth dual-control car to the schools of the city so that Yakima's potential car-owners will have first-hand experience on the safe way to drive. Although the schools' curricula include classes in safe driving, this all-important part of their future life so far has been taught in theory alone. But this Elk gift will take care of putting the theory into practice. E.R. C. H. Freeth presented the car to Dr. Holland E. Wight, President of the Yakima School Board. A. C. Davis, Superintendent of Public Schools, Father Ernest J. Menard, S. J., principal of Marquette High School, Clarence Zimmerman, principal of the Senior High School, and Sergeant Ray Johnson of the Washington State Patrol, who was instrumental in promoting this community project, were also present.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Lodge, No. 63, through the performance of "Elksescapades of 1946", was able to turn over to Miss Henrietta Schwarzenbach, President of the Allegany County League for Crippled Children, a \$2,500 check. The presentation was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett and took place at the Maryland Theater.

The show, an annual benefit for crippled children, included numbers by the Elks Glee Club and Quartet, as well as several soloists. A great variety of entertaining acts were also on this well thought-out program.

Below: The cast of Anacortes, Wash., Lodge's Minstrel show, put on for the benefit of the local high school band.



GARDNER, MASS., Lodge, No. 1426, celebrated its 25th Anniversary last December with a huge party attended by more than 350 couples. Several days later, Charter Members' Night was observed, with forty-four of the sixty-nine original Gardner Elks in attendance. Each of these men received a diamond Elks pin at a ceremony which took place before four hundred people, including a large group from Fitchburg Lodge, No. 1426's sponsor. A class of 12 members was initiated that evening by the officers of Fitchburg Lodge whose members served a fine dinner for the celebrants.

No. 1426 has conducted a highly successful drive to raise \$10,000 for the Crippled Children's Hospital in Baldwinville, with the entire amount realized following its Annual Charity Ball in February.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Lodge, No. 73, turned out in full force to pay homage to its returned warriors recently. More than 300 Elks, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, formerly Chairman of the Elks War Commission and now Treasurer and Managing Director of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, welcomed seventy of No. 73's seventy-one World War II veterans at a banquet which District Deputy John J. McDonald also attended. Marcus R. Dennison was the New Bedford Elk who gave his life in that conflict.

At the welcome-home dinner held in the ballroom of the New Bedford Hotel, Mr. Nicholson paid tribute to these valiant Elks and presented a pen and pencil set to each veteran, as the gift of the lodge.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, doesn't confine its charitable acts to local children. A group of Polish refugee youngsters were recently taken by No. 23 to Niagara Falls which was the children's first choice on their sightseeing tour. Mayor Stephen A. Lamb, a member of the Order, and a police escort met the group at the city limits and took the children on a complete tour of this famous spot, after which Mayor Lamb and the members of the Niagara Falls branch of the Order treated their young guests to dinner at the lodge home.

After they were well fed, the children took over the program and entertained with English, Polish and Spanish songs, demonstrating a set of Mexican folk dances they had learned during the sojourn here. Each child received a souvenir pin of the Falls from the Mayor.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, has been going strong for a good many active years and recently celebrated its Sixtieth Anniversary with a well-attended and thoroughly enjoyed dinner at the Hotel Syracuse.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, was one of the speakers on this happy occasion, along with several other Elk dignitaries, including Mayor Frank Costello, State Pres. Judge John F. Scileppi and Past State Presidents James H. Mackin, Ronald J. Dunn and Stephen McGrath, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight.



Above: Teen-agers get together through the kindness of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge.



Above: Middletown, N. Y., Elks construct shelters for Boy Scouts.

Below: Hutchinson, Kans., Elks present jackets to grade-school members of the School Safety Patrol.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above: Officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Franklin, N. H., Lodge, pictured on the homecoming visit of District Deputy G. A. Cushing, third from right, foreground. The mortgage on the lodge home was burned that same evening.

Below: Standing, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz and Secy. George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, and seated, D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy, E.R. A. H. Vitale, and State Vice-Pres. James F. Nilan, Jr., on Mr. McCarthy's visit to Bronx, N. Y., Lodge.



WEISER, IDA., Lodge, No. 1683, had the honor of being the first Elk group in its District to welcome D.D. Arthur A. Steele on his round of official visits. A dinner was held in his honor before the regular lodge meeting which was attended by local Elk officers and visiting dignitaries from Caldwell and Nampa Lodges.

A class of ten candidates was initiated on this occasion, bringing Weiser Lodge's membership to 220. No. 1683 was instituted on January 9th, 1946, with 112 names on its roster and is steadily growing more popular and gaining prestige in its participation in local charitable, civic and community activities.

SAN BERNADINO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 836, recently opened a drive to equip the laundry at the Veterans Housing Unit of the Junior College out there with a gift of \$125.

The Married Veterans Club presented the necessity for equipping the laundry when no provision was made for any public agency to supply these vital necessities for the use of 40 families of veterans with some 16 children. Public-spirited organizations and individuals were requested to help out in this emergency, and, as so often happens in cases of this kind, the Elks were the first to heed the call.

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1403, entertained D.D. Frank J. Gillan at the Schuyler House when he made his official visit there recently, with State Vice-Pres. Garry J. White of his district.

A class of 22 candidates was initiated at that time, and Judge John F. Scileppi, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., dedicated No. 1403's Honor Roll and Flag to those Mechanicville Elks who served in World War II and to the memory of Fred H. Beck, Jr., who lost his life in that conflict.

Below: Officers, Drill Team and new members of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge on the visit of D.D. C. E. Richards, Jr., with State Treas. A. P. Lee.



**Notice Regarding
Applications for Residence
At Elks National Home**

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

ASTORIA, ORE., Lodge, No. 180, is nothing if not sport-minded. In spite of a continuous downpour of rain and a strong wind, about 250 contestants turned out for the Elks' Gun Club Turkey Shoot recently. Seventy birds were won in the numerous rifle, pistol and shotgun events that started at noon and did not end till dark. The final rifle match was fired in the dark with car lights illuminating the target. Coffee and doughnuts were served during the events.

Astoria Lodge also sponsors an up-and-at-'em basketball team which has seen a lot of activity during the past few months.

IOWA ELKS ASSN. The wounded veterans of the past wars are not forgotten by the Elks of Iowa. The State Elks War Commission is engaged in an active program of visits to entertain servicemen at the Veterans Hospital at Knoxville as well as the one at Des Moines. A similar program was followed at the Schick General Hospital at Clinton until that institution closed. Approximately 3,000 veterans participate in the program as it is now sponsored by the Iowa Elks War Commission.

Many Iowa Elk dignitaries recently accompanied D.D. Weston E. Jones, Chairman of the Commission to the Hospital at Knoxville to entertain the boys confined there.

Below are those who attended Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge's meeting in honor of Earl E. James, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.



Above: Past State Presidents of the R.I. State Assn. are pictured at Providence Lodge at dinner in their honor. Seated on couch, left to right, are: Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, State Pres. Anthony F. Lawrence and D.D. Frank E. McKenna.

Below is the class initiated into Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Lodge in honor of D.D. Henry Lentz's visit.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



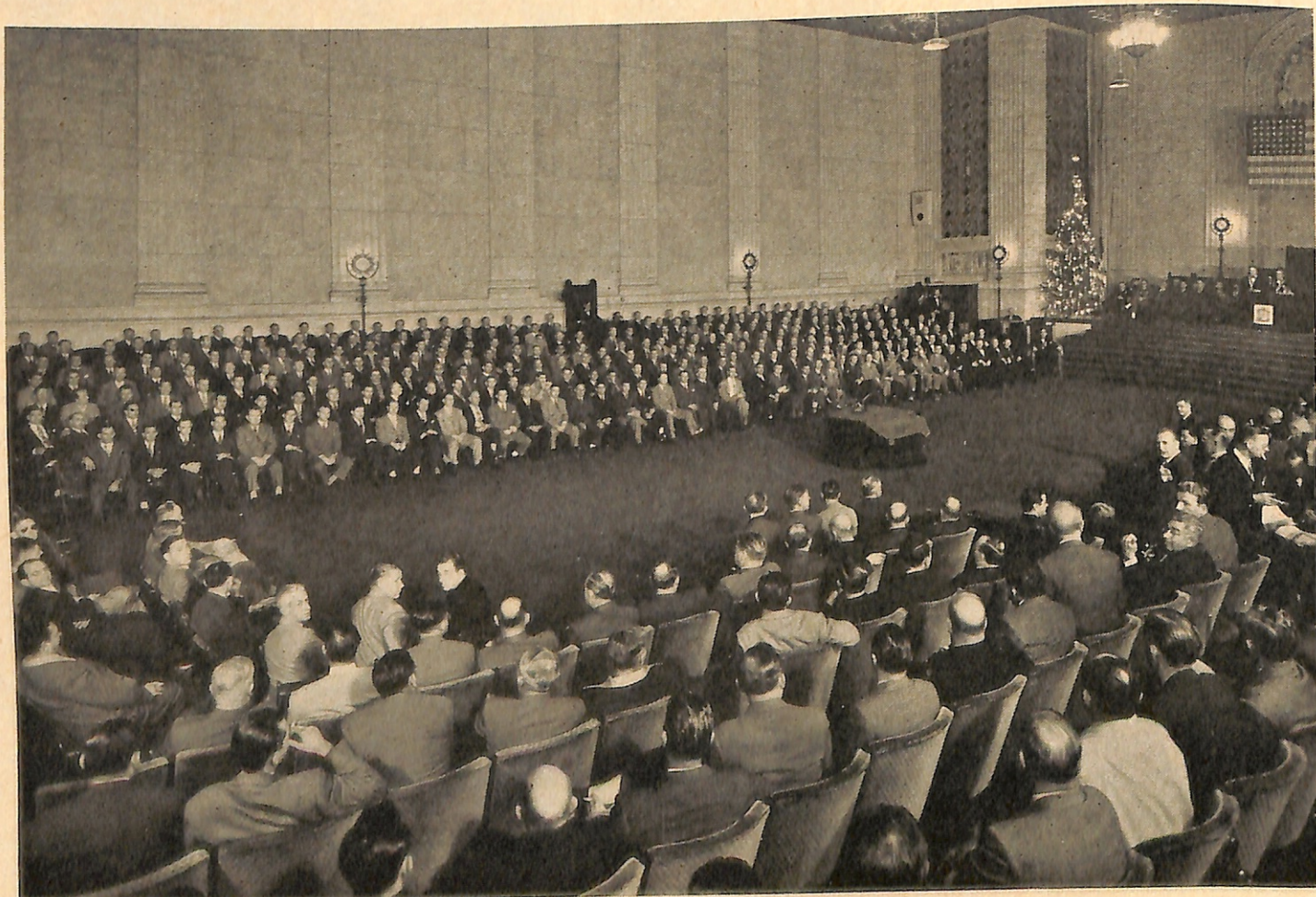
Above: Officers and Trustees of the Calif. State Elks Assn. confer with officials of San Diego, Calif., Lodge to map plans for the 1947 meeting of the Association.

Below are the nearly 250 men, facing the camera, who made up Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's largest class, as they heard D.D. Thomas F. McCue's address.

JAMESTOWN and DUNKIRK, N. Y., Lodges, No. 263 and No. 922, respectively, really went all-out to cooperate with the Order in its campaign to assist in the U. S. Peacetime Army Program. D.D. William L. Kennedy got the Jamestown Elks all het-up about the plan and his idea was taken up immediately. The first week in December was called Elks' Army Recruiting Week when the campaign was publicized in newspaper and radio publicity. No. 263 sponsored four broadcasts and in addition, eight spot announcements pertinent to the drive were contracted. It was at first decided that \$300 would cover the costs of promotion. The final value of services received approached \$1,500.

Recruiting booths were set up at the home of No. 263, in the Hotel Jamestown and the post office building. Local merchants and businessmen cooperated in displaying placards and an Army sound truck toured the streets.

Dunkirk Lodge was contacted and jumped to cooperate, sharing the expenses with Jamestown Lodge for a banquet climaxing the week, honoring the 32 young men from both towns who enlisted. Each potential Army General received the gift of a wallet at this dinner at which several Army officials spoke. Following the presentation of the gifts, a short program of community singing was enjoyed and then the local recruiting personnel put on some movies for the edification of the enlistees.



BRONX, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, distributed over \$15,000 in community charity at a recent luncheon held at the lodge home. Representatives of 13 hospitals were on hand to accept the donations of No. 871 which were presented by P.E.R. Sydney H. Wennik. Speakers at the luncheon included D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy, E.R. Albert H. Vitale and Bronx County Surrogate Albert H. Henderson, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

A list of the beneficiaries and amounts received is given below:

Base Hospital No. 81,	
Veterans Hospital.....	\$1,518.00
Bronx Hospital.....	300.00
Lincoln Hospital.....	1,000.00
Morrisania Hospital.....	1,094.00
Lebanon Hospital.....	350.00
St. Joseph's Hospital.....	1,200.00
Montiflore Home.....	625.50
Bronx Eye and Ear Hospital.....	800.00
St. Francis' Hospital.....	1,000.00
Fordham Hospital.....	1,450.00
Seton Hospital.....	367.20
House of Calvary Cancer Hospital.....	4,600.00
New York Institute for the Blind.....	1,050.00

Total \$15,354.70

Over 650 Bronx Elks and 450 visitors from N. Y. Southeast and East Districts lodges, as well as neighboring New Jersey branches of the Order, welcomed Mr. McCarthy on his homecoming visit to No. 871. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Scholtz, Treasurer of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; George I. Hall, Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, and State Vice-Pres. James F. Nilan, Jr., were among the distinguished guests.

FREEPORT, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, has a Veterans Service Committee which has been taking good care of the boys at Mitchel Field Post Hospital. Two visits were made to the hospital in November when refreshments were served with the willing assistance of the wives of some of the visiting Elks. Games were played and prizes and Christmas cards distributed.

Everybody won at a game night party staged by the Committee of No. 1253 at the post hospital. Each disabled GI got an award, despite their scores in the various contests. On Christmas Eve, gifts, refreshments and cigarettes were lavishly handed out.

RATON, N. M., Lodge, No. 865, has been keeping very busy. An "April and Overall Dance" was a huge success during the Fall, and the lodge's annual Charity Ball and New Year's Eve celebration were both humdingers.

Approximately 180 local Elks and their ladies met at the Black Hood Dinner Club not long ago to attend a dinner in honor of Past Grand Tiler Morey Goodman, President of the New Mexico State Elks Assn., and D.D. Thomas V. Truder.

The program opened with several musical selections, and Mayor J. R. Kastler welcomed the diners. The two guests of honor spoke briefly, and following the dinner the Elks adjourned to the lodge home for a meeting, while the ladies remained at the Black Hood for card games.

HAMILTON, MONT., Lodge, No. 1651, was well represented at the first annual Duck Hunters' Breakfast at 5 a.m. the opening day of the season. More than 80 sportsman Elks showed up, including E.R. Jack E. Coulter who doesn't tote a gun. The Elks' ladies put on the feed which included enough vitamins to take care of an army of hunters.

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P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Maybe it's that added look of masculinity, but a woman likes to see a man smoke a pipe. And—just as naturally a man likes a pipe packed with Prince Albert.

P.A. means Prince Albert

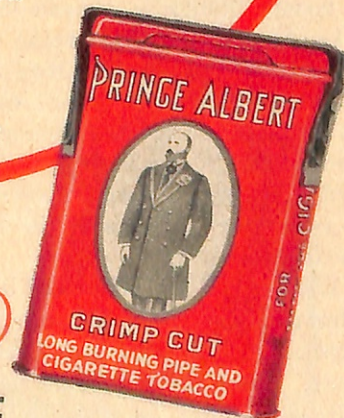
If you've tried a pipe and your tongue said "No," then try Prince Albert—the rich tobacco that's specially treated to insure against tongue bite...and crimp cut to burn evenly right to the bottom of the bowl. More pipes smoke P. A. than any other tobacco.

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
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P. A. is great
for "makin's" too!



I NEVER ENJOYED A PIPE SO MUCH
UNTIL I TRIED PRINCE ALBERT
...IT'S EASY ON MY TONGUE - A
JOY TO SMOKE!



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Editorial

Happy Birthday



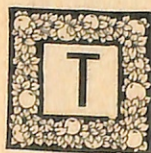
ARCH 3rd marks an important anniversary in the career of the Order of Elks. It was upon this date in the year 1871 that the Grand Lodge came into corporate being by means of an act of incorporation enacted by the legislature of the State of New York and approved the next day by Justice George G. Barnard of the Supreme Court.

The first meeting of the Grand Lodge was held on March 10, 1871, and its first act was to issue a charter to New York Lodge No. 1. On the following day, March 12, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, received its charter.

The first constitution and laws were drafted by Henry P. O'Neil, who more than any other one man was responsible for the perfection of the organization. He was Exalted Grand Ruler, as the office was then called, in 1875-76. He was the "strong man" of Elksdom in its formative days and envisioned a future that would require strong foundation upon which to build.

This year the Grand Lodge enters upon the last quarter of its first century, with a record of patriotic and humanitarian service that must delight the immortal soul of the Brother whose brain, mind and heart breathed the breath of life into the infant Order, Henry P. O'Neil.

Delinquency



HE subordinate lodge year which comes to a close with this month of March has been a year of continued progress and increasing prosperity.

Final figures, unless all signs fail, will show a gratifying numerical increase, and an equally gratifying decrease in lapsation.

Lapsation is far from being the problem it was, not so many years ago. Lodges have come to realize the futility of carrying loads of "dead wood", and have cleaned up their rolls and stabilized their memberships. Strict enforcement of the statutes is emphasizing the value of a "paid-up" card, and members are becoming conscious of the fact that to enjoy the privileges of the Order they must also accept its obligations.

Elksdom has not yet reached its millennium so there is still among us those who fail to pay their dues. And, in these days of general prosperity, financial inability is seldom the cause. There is the procrastinating Brother who lays aside bills and notices "to be taken care of tomorrow". Personal

grievances or dissatisfaction with some item of lodge policy are often factors in the determination to "pay no more dues". The persuasive eloquence of a live committeeman will, in most instances, lead these careless and recalcitrant Brothers back to the fold.

Requests for absolute dimits very often come from members who, through lack of time or inclination, are not active. Out of touch with Elksdom, they think the lodge is out of touch with them. A personal interview and mutual explanations often result in a withdrawal of the request.

It is the duty of the Lapsation Committee to stem the drift toward delinquency. It is just as important to keep members on the roll as to add new ones, and the work of salvage must be done before the final session in March when the Delinquent List is submitted for the consideration of the lodge.

Teamwork between the Secretary and the Lapsation Committee will reduce delinquency to a minimum.

The Seventeenth of March



IS more than fifteen hundred years since St. Patrick first trod the soil of Ireland, and from that day to this, throughout the world, wherever the Irish have penetrated (and where have they not?) the seventeenth of March has been a day of celebration.

In colonial America sporadic celebrations were held by the few Irish congregated principally along the Eastern Coast, but during the Revolution it is said that the day was officially recognized by General Washington who, as Commander of the American Forces, set aside St. Patrick's Day as a day of special observance. It is also recorded that at Valley Forge the General, in honor of the day, permitted the harp of Erin to be displayed and issued an extra ration of rum, admonishing the troops to obey the "rules of sobriety"—as if the admonition were needed where the Irish were concerned.

When our Elks lodges, as many of them do, make the seventeenth of March a day of special celebration, inviting the lads and lassies of all racial antecedents to dance to the lilt of Irish tunes, they are not only, like good Americans, joining their brethren of Irish ancestry in honoring the memory of a great man, but following an illustrious precedent set by the Father of our Country.

Ireland is a little country, just a wee speck of green emerging from a turbulent sea, but her sons have gone forth from there to fight the battles of many lands. They have done much for America, and at her call have marched shoulder to shoulder with men of many races and creeds to fight for the liberty denied their own country for centuries.

The world owes much to St. Patrick, for it was he who lit the lamp which dispelled Ireland's pagan gloom and struck the vital spark of freedom that burned through centuries of persecution, inspiring not only the people of Ireland, but those of other lands, to fight for freedom of conscience and of soul.

There's a little bit of Irish in the heart of everyone on St. Patrick's Day, else why does it beat faster when the band plays "Garryowen"? And why is there a bit of moisture in the eye when one hears "The Wearing of the Green"?



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